

THE AURORA.

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HOME SCENES.

BY E. M. E.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

"No my son, I cannot consent for you to go fishing to-day," said Mrs. Lee to a bright-eyed lad of thirteen summers. "I need your assistance about some little matters at home, and then I am not satisfied with the proposed company. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot allow you to go with boys who use profane language."

"O! I'm not disappointed, Mother," said George, while the pleasant smile on his open manly face, confirmed his words, "I didn't much expect you'd let me go. In fact I'd rather stay at home, if I can be of any use to you. I'll just run down the lane and tell the boys I can't go with them, and then I'll come back and see what you would like me to do for you."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, who had witnessed the scene, "what a difference there is in children. Now there's my Charles, he'll be off to the river with this crowd of boys, without saying one word to me about it. And even if I should

forbid him to go, it would do no good, he'd be off in spite of all I could say. You have no trouble in the world with your children, but mine, dear me, if you had them to manage! What does make such a difference in children?"

Mrs. Lee could have informed her friend, that much of the difference which so surprised her, was the natural result of differences in the character and conduct of mothers, but fearing to wound her feelings, she prudently forbore.

Mrs. Lane is a type of that numerous class of fond and devoted mothers, who will do everything to make their children happy except to control them. Ah! what an important exception! This is the one thing needful, without this, all other efforts for the good of children are comparatively useless. Mrs. Lane waits upon her children in sickness and in health, and makes a perfect slave of herself, in her endeavors to gratify all their wishes, but she never punishes their disobedience, except when she loses control of herself. She cannot chas-

tise unless she is angry, and then her punishment is sure to do far more harm than good. She thinks she has done everything in her power to render her children happy, and she is almost heart broken because they do not love her and respect her wishes, while all her training has tended directly to make them selfish and disobedient. She is reaping what she has sown, nor is she the only sufferer. Her children, and all those connected with them, must suffer through life the consequences of her neglect of parental control. They are growing up with ungovernable passions, constantly quarreling with each other, and rendering their home more like a den of wild beasts, than an abode of peace and joy.

How cruel would that parent be deemed, who would neglect a child with a broken limb, or a dislocated joint, until the time for setting it is past, and he is rendered a cripple for life. But a perverse temper is a far greater misfortune than a crooked limb, and unless rectified in childhood, it becomes a life-long malady. It is a sad day for children, when their mother says of them, that they *will* do things which she prefers they would not, or that she *cannot* get them to do what she desires. Even if she feels that this is true, she had better not say it, for it is a confession of her own weakness, alike disgraceful to herself and ruinous to her family. The young immortal who has just entered on life's pilgrimage, needs the full benefit of the judgment and experience which the riper years of parents can furnish, and it is cruel to deprive him of it, by neglecting that subjugation of his will to the will of his parent, by which alone this benefit can be secured.

"Mother, I want a piece of cake," called out a little girl of four years, as Mrs. Lane entered her house on her return from Mrs. Lee's cottage.

"No, my child, you must not have it, you were sick last night, and have taken

medicine this morning. You mustn't have cake, but I will give you a cracker."

"No, I won't have a cracker, I want some cake—some c-a-k-e," and the child screamed at the top of her voice, until the mother opened the side-board, and handed her a piece of rich pound cake, saying as she did so,

"I'm afraid it will kill the child, but she *will* have it."

Very different was the management of Mrs. Lee. Before her children were two years old, the conviction was firmly established in their minds that her *will* was law, and law from which there was no appeal. Between her and her children, the question of supremacy was not an open one, to be discussed anew on every emergency. It was a settled point, that mother's will must be obeyed, not because they dreaded any harshness or severity, on her part, but because they had formed a habit of unquestioning obedience. Hence it was true, as Mrs. Lane had stated, that the management of her children gave her no trouble, at least after the first eight or ten years of their lives. At that age when ungoverned children cause most pain to their weak and injudicious mothers, Mrs. Lee's threw sunshine around her pathway by their respectful obedience and confiding affection. But this state of things was the result of the most unceasing vigilance on the part of the mother. She ever exercised a mild but firm control, observing carefully that her wishes were complied with, and allowing no instance of wilful disobedience to pass unnoticed. If ever she felt the rising of anger or impatience in her own bosom, she did not allow herself even to speak, much less to raise her hand against a child, until she could fully control her own feelings, and reflect calmly upon the best means to reach the heart of the offender, and accomplish the true ends of discipline. She seldom had occasion to punish, but when she

did, her children were conscious that no feeling actuated her but a sense of duty, and a desire to promote their highest welfare. They had confidence in her justice, and so far from feeling anger or resentment under the chastising rod, they loved her just as well as when bestowing caresses upon them. On one such occasion, George threw himself weeping into her arms, and clasping her neck in an affectionate embrace, said between kisses and sobs, "O! mother, I do love you, I hope God will help me never to disobey you again."

But Mrs. Jane yields to her children, in opposition to her better judgment, because she has not the firmness to subject their wills to hers, and when their misconduct tries her patience beyond endurance, she strikes them in anger, while her blows have no other effect than to beget anger in return, and to strengthen a rebellious spirit.

It requires no prophet's ken to predict the future of these families. Methinks I see those two mothers, as they are descending the vale of years.

The one, bowed down with sorrow for the sad fate of dissolute sons, and weeping in bitter anguish over the neglect and ill-treatment of ungrateful and disobedient daughters. The other sits, with her grey hairs meekly parted over a calm and placid brow, while the smile of heart-felt content which plays over her love-speaking countenance, renders it even more attractive than did the bloom of early womanhood. She is the object of the almost idolatrous worship of noble men and noble women, who rise up and call her blessed, and delight to do her reverence. From the lowest depths of grateful hearts, they exclaim, "all that we are, and all that we hope for, we owe, under God, to the faithfulness of our mother.

We would strew her path with roses,
As she passes to the grave,
"For she is the dearest blessing
That kind Heaven ever gave."

For the Aurora.
COURT OF THE TYRANT
FASHION.

BY INDA.

It was a bright afternoon in Spring. I sat by my window, looking out upon the passers-by, studying human nature as I saw it developed in those who had sauntered out to enjoy a promenade on this lovely day. But the contemplation was far from pleasant, far from gratifying any pride I might have in belonging to the human race.

I saw a lady coming down the streets, dressed in the extreme of fashion. The glossy silk and flashing jewelry that adorned her person, almost dazzled the eyes, as they threw back the rays of the descending sun. I remembered to have seen her father, just one hour before, rush by into one of those dens, a shaver's shop, and by his pale, haggard countenance, I saw confirmed the rumor, that the financial crisis had not spared him, that he too was bankrupt. Yet she had, to-day, been as lavish in expenditures, as though she were worth millions. Why was this? had she no regard for justice? none for the honor of her father? Ah! the tyrant Fashion demanded these purchases, and she, her servile slave, dared not disobey.

By her side walked one, who, had he cultivated the noble gift of intellect, with which he had been endowed, instead of bending the entire energies of his mind to the solution of the question, whether he was, in every respect, *a la mode*, might have been a man. As it was, he was his tailor's walking advertisement, nothing more. He too, was a slave of the tyrant, and more degrading were the chains he wore, because nature had given him a stronger mind, and more innate love of freedom, with which to repel the assaults of the dread usurper. Still he was vanquished, and the most humble in all the train of Fashion's worship-

ers. As I gazed on the faultless fit of his gloves, the style recherche of his cravat, the fashionable twist of his moustache, the slender cane, with its golden head; as I watched his bows and smirks, and saw him cast frequent glances of admiration over his own immaculate person, I exclaimed, how fallen from the noble aspirations and lofty dignity of true manhood! Is it possible he is one of those whom God created a little lower than the angels? This degradation, Tyrant, is thy work.

Through the open window of the dwelling opposite, I saw a young girl reclining on a couch. I gazed mournfully on her, for the emaciated form, the burning cheek, the intensely brilliant eye, indicated but too plainly that she would soon pass away from earth. She had been brought to the window that she might inhale the fresh air, and see once more the blue, cloudless sky. As the soft breeze played with her curls, and as she looked forth on scenes she soon would view no more, I saw a tear-drop dim the lustre of her eyes. I felt how hard it is for one so young to die, yet it was but a just penalty for her violation of nature's laws. Last winter she was gay, beautiful and happy, with the sunlight of health in her eye, and Hygenia's rose upon her cheek, till one fatal night. It had been a terrible day, the wind was cold and cutting, yet that night there was to be a party, and she needs must go. In vain her prudent mother besought her to stay; in vain she told her of the danger of going from the heat of the crowded room into the cold night air. She laughingly declared it would not hurt her, and as to going in a dress suited to the weather, that was not to be thought of. The tyrant had absolutely forbidden it. Go she must, but as to having her arms and neck protected from the winter air, that would be decidedly old fashioned and old womanish, and, of course, out of the question. Very lovely she

looked, as, in a dress of gossamer, she floated through the mazes of the dance, but that night's pleasure cost her her life.—In obedience to the arbitrary dictate of fashion, she had bared her bosom to receive the shafts of fatal disease, and now her life is passing away upon the balmy breath of Spring. Then I thought of another, lovely and beloved, over whose new made grave the grass is now springing, and who was laid there because the tyrant had commanded her to tread earth's damp surface in thin shoes, and she dared not disobey.

Where is the dwelling of this Tyrant Fashion? O! that I might visit her court, and plead for mercy for my slavish fellow mortals, in whose breast the spirit of liberty is too slight to resist the cruel tyranny of her reign.

As I ceased speaking, I felt myself suddenly and unaccountably lifted up, and borne through the air. Recovering from my surprise, I gazed around me. Seated in the same aerial car, were two strange beings, from a stranger land, and yet methought they were somewhat familiar. The one was dressed in the livery of a page, the other in the uniform of an officer. Indignant at being thus unceremoniously carried off, I questioned as to who he was, and by what authority he acted.

"I am called Gossip, am a sheriff in the Court of Fashion, and happening by, heard your request, and concluded to grant it."

"And your companion?"

"He is called Imitation, is a page in the court of our sovereign."

While he was speaking, we landed on a strange bright orb, and my companions conducted me through the handsome streets of a large city, till we came to a gloomy building with "Prison," written in large letters over the door. With a polite bow Gossip opened the door, and requested me to enter. I refused, saying, "by what authority would you imprison me?"

"Do you not know that I am an American citizen? that one of the most powerful governments in the world is pledged for the protection of my rights?"

"Ah!" said he, with a sarcastic smile, "you Americans boast of your independence, but it is all a delusion, our sovereign has no more abject slaves on the face of the earth. But if you prefer it, I will first conduct you to our most august Queen, the ruler of the world."

So saying, he led the way to a stately palace, situated on a lofty hill, which overlooked the whole city. We proceeded directly to the gorgeous audience chamber. There on a splendid throne, glittering with gems, sat the tyrannical queen Fashion. With many bows and smiles and compliments, my conductor stated the whys and wherefores of my case.

"Know, O! most excellent sovereign, that being in Tennessee, and hearing this rebel utter treasonable sentiments, and fearing the influence of such a one in that, hitherto loyal province, I have brought her to be tried by your most gracious majesty," and forthwith he repeated the words I had uttered.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" the clear sonorous voice of Fashion rang out, as she turned her blazing eye full upon me, as though she would annihilate so insignificant a personage who had dared to rebel.

"I acknowledge" I replied, "I expressed a desire to visit your court, to plead for my fellow-women, and I am glad to have the opportunity to utter my protest against the gross injustice and tyranny which you practice towards them. O! have mercy, have mercy upon them. They will die sooner than resist your authority, and I beg you to repeal some of your most oppressive laws. You are killing off hundreds and thousands of your most obedient subjects, and rendering thousands of others wretched; for the sake of your kingdom, for the sake

of humanity, I entreat you to spare them; I beg you to repeal the law requiring ladies to wear gossamer dresses, and go with low neck and bare arms in winter. You have allowed gentlemen to clothe themselves comfortably. Their broadcloth coats and velvet vests protect them from the inclemency of the season. And why not allow the ladies to do the same? Are they more hardy than men? Can they endure cold better? Far from it, they are the "weaker vessels," and need protection from the winter's cold more than the stronger sex. I implore you to let them have it.

I would also entreat you to repeal the law which makes it obligatory upon persons of moderate means, or no means at all, to dress and live in the same style as those who have thousands at their command. If you would only allow your subjects the liberty of deciding for themselves, what is most consistent with their true interests, instead of compelling them to do as other people do, without any regard to their circumstances, you cannot conceive how much their happiness would be increased. Hundreds of your faithful adherents are annually driven to suicide by this law. Will you not repeal it?"

"It must not be," she replied in a voice so terrible that it sounded like distant thunder. "The happiness of my subjects forms no part of the object of my reign. I would sacrifice them by thousands and even millions, rather than yield one iota of my arbitrary power. But the charge of rebellion has been brought against you, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"If," I replied, "the regretting of my country-women's wrongs and degradation be guilt, then am I proud to plead guilty. If 'tis treason to wish to liberate Americans, from their galling thraldom, then am I guilty of the highest treason."

I ceased, amid hisses and execrations. Doubtless those around wondered I was not

struck dumb, for my daring insolence. A moment of silence, and then a clear trumpet-like voice from the throne said, "She is guilty, Judge Public Opinion, pass sentence upon her."

The Judge arose, and placing his would-be terrible black cap upon his head, proceeded:

"Whereas, our prisoner has been found guilty, by our all-powerful sovereign, of high treason, I do hereby condemn said prisoner, to be henceforth and forever, regarded as old-fashioned and eccentric, and that all words and acts of said prisoner, be considered old fogyish, and worthy only of contempt, which is the capital punishment in our empire."

"Your capital punishment," I replied, "is less to be dreaded than the favors you confer upon your most faithful and obedient subjects."

No other rebel was to be tried, and I found upon enquiry, that Frederick, king of Prussia, was the last before me, who had been found guilty of *wilful* rebellion.

Other business was before the court, decree after decree, was passed, first to one nation and then another. I listened with intense interest when I heard the name of my country called, but my heart sank within me, when I heard the decrees intended for her, for too well I knew she would obey.

"Be it hereby enacted and decreed, that American women be more useless, and more extravagant than ever, that comfort and independence shall be sacrificed to show, that beauty and wealth shall be more highly esteemed than intelligence and virtue, and that Americans shall no more send to their national councils, men of sterling worth and unbending integrity, but only such as will hold themselves in readiness to obey the instructions and carry out the designs of my most gracious king consort, his Satanic Majesty.

At this point, I uttered an exclamation of regret, which awoke me. The sun was set, and darkness was throwing her sable mantle over the earth. The passers-by had dwindled down to here and there a solitary pedestrian, and behold my fancy was but a dream! And yet, was it *all* a dream?

For the Aurora.
THE DEAD LETTERS.

[L. VIRGINIA FRENCH].

Dark DEAD LETTER OFFICE, a tremulous thrill Creeps over my heartstrings with ominous chill;
I shrink from those cold-eyed, and gray-headed men,
Grim sextons who use not the spade but the pen;
And who heap up like corpses, those letters unread,
And hurry them off, like pale poverty's dead.

I watch them intently—the awe of the tomb, Brooding over my spirit: in silence and gloom I mark the white life-drift go eddying past In Lethe to slumber; while keenly and fast The gray sextons mutter, "Be true to your trust,
Heaping ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust."

What dimples of pleasure, what wrinkles of care,
What throbings of passion, what moans of despair,
What soft, soothing love-words, what curses of hate,
The keys of a closed heart, the whispers of Fate,
What wakers of smiles, or of tear-drops unshed
Lie heaped there together—all silent and dead!

Here are cards for a bridal—with "Cupids," and Loves"
Half hid 'mong the roses—two delicate doves Fold their white wings of silver, with love knot allied,
And the name of the bridegroom is linked with the bride
Whose form to the altar of God they have led

With red gold they bought it—her sad heart
was dead.

A flash like the sunshine! Ah! what have ye
there

Ye iron gray sextons? "A ringlet of hair."
The baby's gold ringlet—in long after years
It shall move e'en the sternness of manhood to
tears—

Oh! give me the curl, for the beautiful head,
Where it waved to the sunlight, is low with
the dead.

See? here is a missive for one who in vain,
Had panted and struggled, life's honors to
gain:

To the grasp of the toiler the boon was denied,
Till his wild hope was wasted, and blighted
his pride;

Now he spurns the gay laurel they offer instead,
For his hope and his heyday of passion are dead.

A child's hand "Sweet Mother"—'twas all she
could say,
For the angel watched o'er her and wooed her
away;

The lutestring is broken, the melody gone,
And the sweet lip is pallid as Parian stone;
The shaft had sped home, and the spirit has
fled,

The lovely and loving, lay down with the dead.

This fair sheet is blotted, and blistered with
tears,

It wails the lost virtues of earlier years,
Ere the stung soul had wandered in pathways
of sin,

Temptations around her, and anguish within;
Down the "shadowy valley," unsummoned she
fled,

And sought in the grave-gloom to hide with
the dead.

And here is love's record, his passionate vow,
And we still our own heart-beats to list to it
now.

So sunful with fervor, this missive divine,
Like a goblet of amber, o'er-brimming with
wine—

Yet it closes, with half its sweet love-words
unsaid,

—Alas! that it speaks to a heart which is dead.

And here—here is money—bright, glittering
gold,—

(With a chink of low music the packet unrolled,)

The sire to a far Eldorado had gone,
And left his pale children to struggle alone;
On a wild winter midnight their cry rose for
"Bread!"

But it died ere the dawning—the children were
dead.

Dark DEAD LETTER OFFICE! how like unto thee
Is the world that we dwell in: what thousands
we see,

With whom life is a failure; and hurrying fast
We mark the great life-drift go eddying past
Unheeded, uncalled for—like letters unread,
They float down the time-stream all silent and
dead!

FOREST HOME.

NARRATIVE OF A POOR SEAM- STRESS.

M. A. DENISON.

PART IV.

Day after day, my little spot of sun grew dearer to me, and by-and-by it began to impart some cheerfulness to my life. The times were very good, dear Bob repaid me ten-fold for my devotion to him; and Jenny grew every day more beautiful. People said she was an angel, and envied me my treasure. She was a sweet, obedient child, always happy, and helping the sun console and cheer me as the days, weeks, months and years rolled on. I worked, then, for tolerably good prices, but I could not fail to see, that slowly, but steadily my employers were cutting me down, now for a few cents, then a shilling. When I became aware that I was working for much lower wages than I ever had before, I found that I could but with difficulty meet my expenses. Sometimes we were a few shillings back—that was in debt, you know; sometimes I owed a dollar, and that took heart from me, and made me sad again. Bob kept coming home with spirits elate to ask for new books.

"Got up in a higher class, sis, and master

says I shall be head of the school yet. Hurrah for the medal! this suits me better than Jack-planing."

Dear boy! I could not help entering into his plans, he was so eager, so industrious! and such a good boy! He never tormented me to go to places of amusement as some boys would their sisters; he never staid out once after nightfall; nor did he make acquaintances of bad companions. I never could be thankful enough for that. Well, as I was saying, my work grew heavier to do, for I was not so well paid. For awhile I managed to overwork and liquidate the debts we had contracted, and again I would fall back. I tried other shops and found the prices were even lower, and Jenny and Bob began to want new clothes in order to give them a decent appearance at school.

Winter was coming on, and people prophesied it would be a hard season; but still my wages were not improved though I hardly gave myself time for my meals, and was in constant anxiety for fear I should not pay my rent. One day Jenny came home looking hot and flushed, and laid her head against my shoulder.

"What is the matter darling?" I asked.

"I don't know;" she replied, "my head feels so big!"

This frightened me, for it was just what my father had said before he was taken sick.

I took the child in my lap, felt of her pulse, her burning forehead, and inadvertently placed my hand to her feet. O! such a chill as came over me then! the poor worn out shoes were soaked to the ankle, for it was a rainy day.

"Why, Jenny!" I exclaimed, "why have you not told me about your shoes?"

"I didn't like to;" she replied, "because you work so hard."

"Why, Jenny!" and the tears came to my eyes afresh; "how have you kept it from me? you have made yourself sick, my poor darling."

She had hidden her shoes every night that I might not see them, knowing how anxious I was, and how hardly earned was the little pittance that supported us. Well, the result was a fever—a doctor's bill—a little bed spread in my room, and the sick child laying thereon. Day after day, night after night, I watched and toiled over the little sufferer. Six long weeks did she struggle with that fiery fever, and then she died.

Alas! alas! no one can ever tell what I underwent at that fearful time. My rent in arrears; my doctor's bills to pay, the expenses of the funeral falling upon me; and that awful grief at sight of her dead white face, that I had loved so idolatrously. But for poverty; O! my darling might have been living to bless me with her presence. Still, I will be silent; God always knows best.

Mrs. Coldwater was kind enough to say the funeral should take place from her house. So my dead darling, still most beautiful in her white cerements, was carried thither, and poor Bob and myself were the only heartfelt mourners.

Bob tried to console me with the thought that little Jenny was with her mother now; and I believe the boy wished in heart that he might go too. Why detail the circumstances of the mournful burial? Let me rather say that God gave me grace to turn more eagerly to Himself—drew me closer to His great pitying heart—sent the angel perchance, of my loved and lost, to whisper of heaven and its beautiful hopes; built up in my heart a temple of faith whose foundation I humbly trust, can never be moved.

O, yes! sorrow *does* sanctify! O, yes! the bitter tears that fall in the hours of our earthly combat, when trial seems a threatening giant, with grasping hands encircling the very heart, God does number. O! He the High and Holy, *does* draw us upward—upward gently, if we will let him, but if our impulses, passions, and worldly affections resist the cord of love, he will send

the dark angel of sorrow, or death. That makes us turn to God; for there is no one else to whom we can look, and then He says, "my child, my child, this is not for my glory any more than for your good; come hither, and I will bless you."

My treasure now was laid up in heaven; and my heart went yearningly up there, O! how often! though my debts assumed a mighty magnitude, and I could not tell how, nor when they would ever be paid, something seemed to say, "trust on, trust on."

Through cold and weariness I worked, often to receive only ill-tempered suggestions, or cross criticisms on my labor. Till twelve, one and two, I often sat up, my fingers blue and trembling, my feet wrapped in comforters, my body in shawls, trying to earn enough for the expenses of dear little Jenny's funeral; trying to keep Bob in school, though he was willing, poor fellow, to go into a shop, and ultimately I saw no other recourse.

Mrs. Coldwater died!

I should not feel this bitter resentment. I know it is unchristian; God forgive me.

Mrs. Coldwater left me a hundred dollars—enough to pay all my debts—but—

I was at the funeral. After it was over I returned to the house now destitute of her presence. Her husband, who had now grown very childish, desired it, and I staid to tea there in company with an old maiden sister of my former mistress.

The house—the aspect of *that* room, I mean, awoke all my sad memories. My love came back afresh. There was the chamber, just the same; the curtains as I had looped them, the poor, faded rosettes; the faded bed-hangings. O! what emotions swelled in my heart! they almost frightened me; I thought I had forgotten.

After supper, the old gentleman left the

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room, and returned as I was tying my bonnet strings.

"That's for you," he said, putting a small straw box in my hand. I remembered that box. She had bought it of an Indian woman many years ago, and I recollect I then thought what a treasure it would be to me. Now it was mine, but it held alas! only anguish—ashes.

"What is it? what is it?" spoke up the maiden sister sharply.

"She told me to give it to her;" said the old man in the tremulous tones of age, "she told me to."

"It doesn't seem to be anything that you would care for," I said, peeping in—"a few old papers, that is all," and I hurried home.

Something told me to prepare myself before I opened that box; well that it was so. I laid away my plain bonnet, my poor shawl, placed my chair in the spot of sun, and opened the lid. The first thing was a folded paper. In that there were too bills fifty dollars each. Then, strangely enough, came a package tied with a bit of twine. Undoing that, out dropped some letters—four, five, six. There they lay in my lap, and I could not gather strength to touch them. For awhile I sat staring at my own name, and trembling from head to foot.

Because, I remembered that hand-writing! It could be none but his. Presently I tore them open, and read now here, now there, without reference to the dates; then, though my heart felt like ice, and my brain like fire, I took them up, laid them in order, and commenced a methodical perusal. Exclamations do not look well on paper. Written agony can never convey to the reader the dreadful anguish of a struggling soul. Struggling to be reconciled; but more than all, to forgive the dead. How could I, when I read in the first such language as this?

"My dear little Molly—I must first

write, I suppose, as I never could say half I wanted to when with you, I'm going to inflict at the least, six pages on your sensible little self.

O, yes! I don't doubt it; I know I love you passionately, absorbingly, entirely. Not for wealth, you poor little pussy-cat! not for beauty, you dear little Cinderella, but for real, positive, genuine worth, and because—I can't help it to save my soul.

To me—I hope to me alone—you are truly rich, and nobly beautiful. Write to me my best beloved—write to me—I do so long to see a letter from your own very hand!

"I am home in the midst of fashion, tumult, everything I don't like. O, to hear your quiet step! your soft voice! O, to look into those beautiful gray eyes, they are really beautiful! I want to see and hear something that comes from the heart. These gay, airy nothings, these tinted butterflies! I am sick of them."

I read on and through blinding tears, and then took up the second letter.

"Not answered my six sheets—O, Mary, my Mary. If you knew into what a fever I have worked myself, thinking you might be ill. You looked so pale when I left!"

"I am positive as I can be that the dear letter will come to-morrow, or at farthest, next day. I won't anticipate so closely again; I was so much disappointed to-day.

There was no romance about this to me. I looked on the miserable little box with positive horror. It had been the tomb of my hopes. O, why was I treated so miserably?

"No letter, no letter! O, Mary, I am ill. Do come to me. I may not live, and I must see you. I send you sufficient to pay your way. I believe I am sick. I can hardly see the lines as I write. In this climate anxiety induces fever; and my suffering on account of your silence has been intense—terrible!"

I don't know how long I laid unconscious after this. When I opened my eyes poor Bob was shaking me; he thought me asleep. The candle was just lighted and stood upon the little table. My first impression was that of intolerable misery. My head ached and my heart ached. I took the box, slowly collected myself, and at Bob's cry, "O, sis, where'd you get all those letters?" I could hardly keep from screaming. I picked them wearily up, and laid them aside, looking once more into the wretched box. A bit of newspaper still lay at the bottom. I took it up.

"Thank God!" I cried, "he did not die!"

It was a notice of his marriage to a Miss Caroline May.

This, of course, I could not reconcile with the letters, but I felt happier, strange to say, when I read it.

Very soon I settled down into my old, prosy life. The debts were paid. Bob set up for school with a good suit of clothes, and though I got no better prices I was before-handed and needed not to kill myself with work. I had suffered long enough, heaven knows, only I have not the knack of doling out page after page of my afflictions. Besides grief can never be so commented upon. The quick stroke, like the flash of lightning, does the most execution.

I have forgiven Mrs. Coldwater.

I am as quiet almost in my great joy, as I was in my great sorrow. Since I wrote the above, "I have forgiven"—I have had a fresh baptism of suffering. Hard times, starvation prices, no fire, no light—wicked task-masters—oh! the oppression of the poor! Dear Bob, he has gone to school hungry many a day, but I have kept him there, thank God! He is a hero. Patches and even rags, when I was too sick to mend, have brought him torture from the

sons of the wealthy. He will bear it no more.

Seven days ago Bob came home, blundering into our poor room, crying out—“Sis, there’s a gentleman below wants to see you, shall I call him up?”

I looked in the glass, straightened my collar and my hair, and said “yes,” wondering who wanted to see poor, little old I.

In he came—John Newland.

I stood like a creature of marble, capable neither of speaking, moving, or lifting a foot.

“Mary! O, my poor Mary! how cruel to find you here!” and he gazed round pityingly.

By this time I had got hold of the back of a chair, but he himself took my hand away, then drew me towards him, for I was helpless. Bob, grown almost a man looked on with wonder-rounded eyes.

“I received a letter when I returned from England, where I have been traveling for years, written by aunt Coldwater. She confessed her part in the shocking deception that has kept us so long separated. My proud mother and sisters felt themselves aggrieved because I had not consulted them with regard to my contemplated marriage—and—but you see through it all.”

I could not speak.

“My poor Mary, you are not altered, but I am—for the worse.”

“O, no, no, no,” I found voice to say.

It was all understood, the marriage notice was a hoax. John had taken indignant leave of Charleston, and was to settle in the city of my adoption.

Bob is at college, and I subscribe myself,

MARY NEWLAND.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne’er before by anger stirred
Are often rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

For the Aurora.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES.

NUMBER IV.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I have just seated myself to look over your letters, and hold another friendly chat with you through the medium of the pen. I find that several of your number have just left school, and being released from the regular routine of daily duties in the way of preparing and reciting lessons, you are at a loss how best to dispose of the amount of leisure thrown so suddenly upon your hands. You have doubtless looked forward with much interest to the time, when you would be free from the restraints of the school-room, and enter society as young ladies. But I hope you have been too well educated, to feel now, as if you had nothing to do, but dress, go into company and seek your own amusement. If not, you had better return to school, and see if you cannot study something that will impress you with higher ideas of the value of time, and the importance of filling up the measure of your days with usefulness.

You will, of course, be expected to mingle more in society, than when you were school-girls, but I would have you look upon society as another school for your improvement rather than as a theatre for the display of your accomplishments, or a market place in which you are to set yourselves up for sale to the highest bidder. Frequent associations with refined and cultivated persons, are necessary to give you that self-possession and affability which will enable you to make those around you feel at ease. This you should seek as a means of conferring happiness upon others, and your intercourse with society should be regulated with special reference to this end.

Two or three years, spent at home, as a grown up young lady, may be a very plea-

sant and profitable portion of your existence, if you choose to make it so. Do not seek to shorten this period, by being in haste to marry. Let matrimony alone until it comes to you of its own accord. But, while I would advise you to seek society as a means of refining your manners, and giving you the ability to enter readily into conversation with others, an ability which you should carefully cultivate, for the sake of increasing the happiness of those around you, and exerting an influence over them for good, I would, at the same time, caution you against going too much into society. There is danger that you will cultivate a taste for the excitement of company, to such an extent as to render irksome and distasteful, the confinement which the faithful discharge of the duties of after life may require. Two or three years, spent in one continued round of visiting and company, would be enough to unfit any girl for becoming a faithful and happy wife and mother. Such a one would think it martyrdom to stay at home a week, with no company save her own husband and children. No matter what becomes of the babies, or the family interests, she must either be going abroad, or gather company at home to keep up a continual whirl of excitement. Did you ever know of such a married lady as this? I have known enough to convince me that it would be better for girls to go directly from the school-room to the altar, than to acquire such tastes and habits as they sometimes do.

I would have you go into society as bees go among the flowers, diligent to extract the honey, but careful to avoid the poison. Some girls, after leaving school, are sufficiently inclined to stay at home, but before giving them any credit for it, we should like to know how they spend their time there. Is it in novel-reading? If so, that is even worse than going constantly into company. O! how many women ruin

their health and happiness and usefulness in this way. Show me a married lady in middle life who spent her girl-hood in reading novels, and I will show you an unhappy woman, one whose sad face tells plainer than words could express it, that she is dissatisfied with herself and all the rest of mankind. O! I could tell you of so many instances of unhappiness, traceable directly to this source, which have come within my own personal knowledge. I could point you to Lunatic Asylums, and there show you the grim and ghastly visages of those who, but for this pernicious habit, might have been among the brightest ornaments of their sex.

I wish I could show you a portrait, just as it is engraven upon my memory. It is a face more expressive of heart-ache, sadness, and woe, than any other I ever saw, though worn by a pious lady. I wish I could repeat to you her story, just as she repeated it to me, years ago, when she warned me with an earnestness I never can forget, to beware of novel-reading. This, she said, was the rock on which she made shipwreck of earthly hope and happiness. She was a widow whose age was scarcely two score years, yet the deep lines of care and sorrow on her brow, made her appear much older. She was early left an orphan, to the care of an aunt, who had so much sympathy for the poor little motherless child, that she could not bear to cross her in anything. She was sent to school, but had not extended her education very far, before she came to the conclusion that History, Geography, and Arithmetic, are less interesting than romances and novels. She took such delight in reading these, that her kind aunt, in order to make her happy, procured for her as many as she wanted. From the age of fourteen to twenty, she occupied herself almost exclusively with novel-reading. At this time she was wooed and won by a good practical, common-sense man, who would

have made a common-sense woman a most excellent husband. He was in thriving business, and if she had been properly trained, nothing would have been wanting to her happiness. Her husband was kind and attentive, ever ready to gratify her wishes, and omitted no expression of affection which any sensible woman would have desired, but because he did not go into ecstacies over her every time he came into her presence, she would go into hysterics over the idea that he did not love her. She had gathered from novels the impression that married life is either a perfect paradise, or a pit of woe, and as the realities around her did not quite correspond with the elysium she had dreamed of, she imagined herself in the pit! Indeed it was not long a mere fancy, for she contrived to make herself and husband about as miserable as two people could well be. At the end of seven years he died, leaving her with the sole care of three little children.

His death seemed to awaken her to a consciousness of her true character and condition. She had all her life been dreaming, but now she was awake to sad reality. She could now clearly discern her own errors, and appreciate the real character of her husband. His excellencies and her own defects were now magnified in her view; she had rendered one of the best of men unhappy, and she verily believed it was his unhappiness, that made him a prey to disease, and caused his death. She repented and was forgiven, and from that time forth, strove to discharge a mother's duty to her children, but to the day of her death, the thought that she had killed her husband, by her folly, rested, with all its crushing weight, upon her sorrow stricken heart.

I entreat you, my dear girls, as you value the ability to act your part in life's drama, in a manner creditable to a rational being, as you should dread that morbid sensitiveness which would render your happiness in

this matter-of-fact world, a moral impossibility, I entreat you to shun all that class of writings, properly denominated novels. I would not include in this class *all* fictitious works. Fiction, in the hands of one whose heart is right, and whose moral perceptions are clear and far-reaching, may be employed for good. But I would advise you to know the character of the writer, or have the advice of some judicious friend, before venturing to read a work of this description. And even then, only a small proportion of your reading should be of a fictitious character. A little ripe fruit is good for the health, but if you eat so much, no matter if it be of the best quality, as to destroy your appetite for more substantial food, you do yourself an injury. So you may injure your mental constitution, by reading too much fiction, though it may all be of a kind, which, in due proportion to more solid reading, would be beneficial.

I intended, when I commenced this letter, to talk to you about the importance of devoting some portion of each day to active household duties, that you may relieve your mothers, in part, of the cares which oppress them, and acquire, under their supervision, that knowledge and experience of practical house-keeping, which you will need when you come to preside over establishments of your own. But as this subject cannot be treated in a few words, and as I have already extended my letter to the utmost limit of your patience, and perhaps a little beyond, I must defer it to some future occasion. As ever,

Your sincere friend,

EUGENIA.

Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us, in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous in Sodom.

For the Aurora.
IVALU.

Fairer than the mountain lilly,
In its snowy hue;
Purer than the purest being,
Mortal ever knew;
Chlid of nature, free and artless,
Such was Ivalu.
Climbing o'er the hills she wandered
Where the flowers grew;
Sitting by the forest fountain,
Where the spray-gems flew;
Twined she in her jetty tresses
Modest violets blue.
Leafy goblets held the nectar,
Glistening drops of dew;
Who the fairy stranger was
No one ever knew,
Singing with the birds so sweetly,
Happy Ivalu.
I know who the gentle child is,
And I love her too;
When I tell you, you'll believe me,
What I say is true.
She lives only in my fancy,
Lovely Ivalu.

M. M.

STORY OF THE NEW PELISSE.

Arrived at home, we found my early friend Henry Talbot with his daughter, Maria, preparing to take their places at the supper-table. The latter having obtained permission from her indulgent parents, to shorten the long dreary months of study by sometimes passing a week at home. After the first salutations on each side, Maria examined the bonnet which her cousin had just taken off, exclaiming,

"Well, Emma! when do you mean to have a new bonnet?"

"When this is worn out, or shabby enough to be given away," replied Emma.

"That is not likely to be yet awhile, then," resumed Maria; "for it looks better than mine now, although it has been

worn twice as long. But then, if I were you, I should be quite ashamed to be seen in the same bonnet month after month."

Emma smiled, inquiring, "Why should I be ashamed Maria, when you yourself acknowledge that it looks as well as yours?"

"Oh, I hardly know *why*—but when I see people so careful of their things, I always think they are either *poor* or *niggardly*. For my own part," she added, "I am resolved to tease papa out of a new hat before I return to school; for I am certain Miss Fenton will have one, and I think my friends are somewhat more genteel than her's."

"And will your papa consent to it on that account?"

"O yes, if I coax and tease him; and so would yours if you did the same."

"I should be sorry to resort to such a plan, my dear Maria; and, even if I did, it would be to little purpose; for I have often heard papa say, that 'if mamma were to purchase for herself, or us, all that vanity might require, we should have nothing to spare for the poor, or to expend on books.'

Here a summons to the supper table precluded any further conversation between the two young ladies. It had escaped every ear but mine. And I felt much pleased with Emma's unaffected superiority to the enticement of vanity, and, that little spirit of competition, (which divides the attention of too many youthful minds,) that I did not fail remarking it to her father, the next time we were alone. "It is," said I "a convincing proof of her native strength of mind."

Mr. Clifford smiled. "And do you think then, Bentley, said he, that this dear girl's mind is insensible to the impulses of a passion so universally felt and so generally indulged? No, believe me, the superiority of which you speak, was not acquired but by the sacrifice of many trifling gratifica-

tions, and in the endurance of many transient mortifications. One instance, in particular, recurs to my memory, which will fully prove this. It took place about six months since; when having spent a day or two at her uncle's Emma returned home, evidently vexed and unhappy. In part, I guessed the source of her chagrin; and as well to divert her mind, and to discover the real cause of her uneasiness, proposed taking her with me for a walk.

In our way we passed the rooms of a fashionable dress-maker, when Emma, who had before remained unusually silent, stopped, and exclaimed with earnestness, "this is where my aunt purchased Maria's new pelisse, papa." You cannot think what a contrast there was, in her's and mine, today. One looks so *nicely*, and the other, *so old-fashioned*, and so shabby, that I did not like to walk with her."

"I am very sorry for that, Emma," said I; "yet I must confess, that had you not told me it was so, I should have discovered nothing so very obsolete or mean in your pelisse. However," I added, "since it exposes you to a serious mortification in wearing it; I will make you a present of a new pelisse like Maria's if your mamma have no objection."

Emma thanked me, with an emphasis, that too plainly evidenced the nature of her disquietude; and now that the cause was removed, she entertained me with her wonted good humor, until we reached the place of our destination.

The object of my walk, was to seek out the residence of a little girl of our sunday school, who had for some time been absent, on a plea of illness. With some difficulty we discovered the house; and entering, found the child who a few weeks before, appeared healthy, strong and cheerful, sitting by the side of a nearly extinguished fire, pale, emaciated and dejected. I inquired the nature of her illness, and

found that it had been a violent fever. She was the eldest of seven little children, who, though clean and apparently healthy, were but indifferently defended from the rigors of the season.

"And where is your mother, my good girl?" I demanded. "Surely you are not in a condition to be left alone."

"Sir," replied my sunday school scholar, bursting into tears, "my poor father's wages are very small, and my poor mother has already lost so many days in nursing me, that she was obliged to go to work to-day, or we should have had no fire, and hardly anything to eat the remainder of the week."

"And how is your appetite?" I inquired of the little sufferer.

"Not very good sir," said she, "and that makes my poor mother fret, because she cannot get the things I fancy I could eat."

Whilst she spoke, I looked at Emma, whose eyes, suffused in tears, were first fixed on the wan cheeks and sunken eyes of the child, and then on me, with an imploring earnestness.

On leaving the house, I perceived that Emma, chilled with the unusual severity of the weather, shuddered as she took my arm.

"O, my dear papa," said she with a soft beseeching look, "will you not send these poor people in some coals, before we return home; for I am sure I shall have no pleasure by the side of our own comfortable fire, if that poor girl has none to warm her."

"I cannot afford it, Emma, I replied; you remember that I have promised you a pelisse, like Maria's; it will therefore be necessary to refrain from giving to this poor family, and perhaps, to several others, things which they greatly need."

The reproof was sufficient, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "forgive me, my

dear papa; and since vanity can only be gratified by such cruel selfishness as this, I hope I shall never again be ashamed if my clothes are not so expensive, or so fashionable as Maria's.

I then immediately complied with her request, and we ordered in the coals, and purchase several little indulgences, which sickness converts into absolute necessities. And all these cost but a very inconsiderable part of the sum, which must have been expended on a new pelisse.

She now passed the dress-maker's door, with a pleasure wholly unmixed, by one latent regret for the sacrifice she had made. And when we arrived at home, folding up her pelisse with more than ordinary care, she said with a heartfelt satisfaction glowing on her cheeks, "Mamma, I have learned this evening, by a lesson, which I hope I shall never forget the truth of which you have often told me, that 'extravagance is selfishness, and that the economist alone is truly generous.'

For the Aurora.
SPRING.

MARIA ARMSTRONG.

The frigid wind his course has changed,
No longer falls the driven snow;
The storms that o'er the mountains ranged,
Are changed for gentle zephyrs now.

No longer are the streams congealed,
But pure and free their waters flow,
Where flow'ry banks their fragrance yield,
And trees and vines in beauty grow.

The seasons changed, how changed the scene,
Mild Spring in all her beauty comes,
With grandeur spreads her mantle green,
And decks it o'er with fragrant blooms.

The fields she variegates with flow'rs,
Which shed their fragrance on the air;
She nestles in the roseate bowers,
Where Flora blooms in beauty rare.

For the Aurora.

WHAT IS THE PROPER LAW OF
MARRIAGE?

BY A. S. W.

It would seem that a subject *so intensely practical* as the above, and one which is co-existent with the human family, would, at this late period, need no discussion. Whether the subject is sufficiently well understood or not, it is certain that, when we view it in its practical bearing, we find much to disgust us, and to call forth our most emphatic protestations. The adage, "They know the right, but still the wrong pursue," is true of many at the present time, who marry for "*boot*."

With many of my own sex, I am pained to say, there is but one potent law of marriage; that law is contained in the answer given to the questions—"Is she rich?" "Has she got the tin?" "Is she sound on the slavery question?" &c., &c. A negative response ~~throws~~ a young lady's "case out of Court," and "condemns" her without further trial. Her accomplishments, however exquisite, amount to nothing, if "she hasn't got the tin." But only let an affirmative answer be given, and lo! the goddess of beauty is not fairer than she—perfection itself could, in the view of her admirers and *lovers*, add to her no additional charm. How can her hand be obtained? is now the all absorbing theme. To effect this end, the most unworthy means are, not unfrequently, brought to bear. Even the old put their "long heads" to work, to invent some successful plan.

To illustrate the *potency of this law*, a circumstance which came under the immediate observation of the writer, will be briefly narrated.

There once lived a widow lady, with her four daughters, who, during the life-time of the husband and father, were in affluent circumstances. After the sad bereavement consequent on his death, "fortune frowned" on them, and adversity assumed the place of prosperity. The family, though not reduced to absolute want, were deprived of many of the luxuries of life. Thus circumstanced the family attracted little attention—the society of the daughters was rarely sought.

Upon the death of another near relation, their fortune was again changed. The golden rays of prosperity now shone upon their

hitherto dark and gloomy path-way. Though the daughters were neither beautiful, intelligent, nor refined, their company is now extensively sought. A new "light" reveals in them *new characteristics*. Homeliness has been changed into beauty; ignorance, into intelligence; in a word, they are so perfect that the "eye of criticism" can see no fault in them. The yard gate, which but a short time ago, was rarely opened, now slams eagerly at the approach of many a gallant lover; and the formerly deserted parlor is now rendered jovial by the conversation of beauxs, both "wise and witty."

Well, how is this strange phenomenon to be accounted for? Yesterday those ladies had little reputation; to-day they have much. Reason says, "there must be a solution to this problem—effects must have their causes, and be proportioned to them. But matter cannot produce—gold cannot create mind, convert ignorance into intelligence and usher into being that which does not exist. These ladies have undergone no important change in their characters, by the sudden reverses of fortune; and if these are estimated in a different light, the persons thus estimating them, are deluded.

It is needless to add that the daughters were "*well-married*" in a very short time. The reader would perhaps be interested to know more of their history, but the brief space allotted to this essay, prevents a further detail.

But what has been illustrated by this example is true, in principle at least, of hundreds and thousands of others. True, comparatively few experience the same sudden transitions from wealth to poverty, and from poverty to wealth again; but the principle, in accordance with which those ladies were so highly esteemed, gives many an heiress the principal reputation she enjoys. Why is it that a young lady, who possesses gold, always has admirers? Is it because she possesses the greatest number of excellencies? It must be so at least in the view of her admirers. But "golden" ladies are, as a general rule, far from being the most intellectual of their sex; nor are they necessarily the most accomplished and refined. Accordingly, I regret to say it, many of my sex, (not all however, for there are a "few who *have not* bowed the knee" to mammon,) place a higher estimate on *gold* than they do on moral and intellectual attainments.

A slight glimpse of the consequences which are likely to result from marriages formed on

this principle, will show that it is wholly unworthy of man.

It degrades the nobler principles of human nature.

Among the noblest principles in the human heart, may be ranked the judgment, conscience and love; and among the baser, indolence, pride, vanity, and the whole family of sensual appetites. These last are antagonistic to the former. Whenever we act in accordance with the former, we act worthily of ourselves; but when we gratify the latter, particularly when we do so at the expense of the former, we act unworthily of ourselves.

Now, when a lady is *loved* because of her wealth, does the judgment sanction it? If it does, it is because it has been "whipped into service" by the *baser principles*. The unbiased decisions of judgment, would never be, *that gold is more important than mind*. Does conscience approve such an union? Many of our readers will perhaps laugh at the idea of making matrimony a subject of conscience; but, pray, if such an important matter as this is not referred to conscience, what need have we of conscience? But unless the judgment decide that gold is more important than mind, conscience will not approve such marriages as are formed, with gold for the leading motive, for conscience never violates the decisions of judgment.

Does he *really* love her? Does he not rather love her *gold*? But for this, she would never have attracted his attention. His love for her is based upon the circumstance that she is wealthy; but this cannot be love in the proper sense of the term. It is the clamorous excitement of baser principles, rejoicing at the prospect of gratification. Ever since the decree went forth that man should make his subsistence by the sweat of his face, the human family have had an aversion to labor. When a prospect of gratifying this desire, and with it scores of others, presents itself, the decisions of judgment are contumacious, and the voice of conscience hushed, amid the acclamations of the inferior passions. Such is the *love* which many wealthy young ladies have bestowed on them. They are married, not because they are loved, but because they are "rich," and love being absent at the first scene, will not be likely to appear during the whole play. Here is a vast field, to traverse all of which, would make a volume. We must pass on.

Another result is unhappiness.

The union not having been formed with reference to happiness and true pleasure, but to gratify unworthy desires, it is contrary alike to reason and nature, that the couple should be happy. And if they should, on sober reflection, desire to become happy in each others' society, they will be likely to find that there is no congeniality between their natures. But alas! it is too late to make this sad discovery—"the union is for life." Family *disagreeabilities* frequently follow in the train. The children, partaking of the nature of both the parents, *inherit their uncongenial natures*—become *desperadoes*, the curses of society! This accounts, in a measure at least, for the origin of *young America*. The evil tendencies of such marriages, extend to the nation and the world at large, in other words, the world is made worse by every such marriage.

Who will not say that the *law* of marrying for wealth ought to be repealed?

Let it not be supposed that the "fair sex" are wholly free from this evil; it prevails extensively among them, though perhaps, not so generally as among the opposite sex. It is less excusable in a lady than in a gentleman, whenever it is the case; if for no other reason, because she has more delicate sensibilities, and more ardent affections.

A young lady once being asked; "what is the greatest foible of the age?" replied, "A mother trying to catch a rich beau for her daughter." It is true then, that mothers are attracted to gold. Every proper thinking person will, no doubt, concur in the young ladies' answer. A short time ago a young gentleman was recommending one of his friends to the "favorable consideration" of a young lady, and among other recommendations he told her that his friend was wealthy; the young lady, indignant at the presentation of such a motive, said, "Sir, I am to be won, not bought!" Would that every lady entertained the same principles that she does!

But let us return to the question, what is the *proper law of matrimony*?

If we ask our fathers and mothers, what induced them to marry, they say, "because we loved each other." Nor will we get a different answer to this question when we search the annals of the past. True, marriages in olden times were sometimes formed on different principles, but the rule was that the parties loved each other; and the instances in which love was not the motive, formed the exceptions to

the rule. Time need not be consumed in establishing a truth which all admit—which is self-evident.

What then, is love? It is that feeling which results, when "kindred spirits" are "brought within the sphere of attraction." It does not necessarily result "at first sight," though there are some well authenticated cases which have so occurred. It ordinarily requires a sufficient intimacy, on the part of the individuals, to show them that their "spirits are congenial." This requires a longer or shorter time, owing partly to the nature of the individuals, and partly to the state of their minds.

Is love the offspring of the judgment?

It certainly is not. For many persons, who possess, in a very high degree, those qualities which we most admire, we do not love—we merely admire and esteem them. Besides, if it were the offspring of the judgment, those persons, who, in our opinion, possess the greatest worth, moral and intellectual, would, without exception, be the recipients of our most ardent affection; and our love for every one would be proportioned to our estimate of his or her worth. This, unquestionably, is the standard by which we estimate character in general; but *love* is not subject to any such measurement.

Facts, in the history of the majority of those who marry, show that the view contended for is the correct one. How often is it the case, that *genuine, mutual love* springs up, when both the parties, were they called upon to give a reason for the feeling within them, would be at a loss to assign one. They could give more reasons for loving some one else, than for loving the one they love. While this is the case, it is also true that the judgment is unable to see any very glaring defect in the character loved. This is another evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the all-wise Architect of the human mind. If the parties could see any great deficiency in each other's character, aversion would naturally arise, and it would require an exceedingly thick covering of "love to hide all these faults." Nor is love more dependant on the *will* than on the judgment. This can be easily tested. Let an effort be made to love one who has never been loved before, and every such effort will prove disgusting. If this is not the case, the *will* will be most likely to follow the judgment; then we will love those and those only, who possess moral and intellectual worth. For the *will*

moved by motives, and the strongest motives will influence the will. But this will be, in effect, to refer the matter to the judgment; and we have already seen that love does not spring from the judgment.

Although love cannot be produced by a mere act of the will, it is certain that it is not in opposition to it. It is not probable that any person ever loved against his or her will. Love is therefore an *involuntary act of the soul, acting with the approbation of the will*.

If we have traced love to its proper source, and if it be indeed the *true basis of matrimonial relation*, it follows that, in the absence of love, marriages ought not to be formed; and also that those who, in reality, love each other, ought, as a general rule, to marry. Whether the parties are poor or rich, let them marry—let them not stop to find out whether the “tin” is possessed or not. “Congeniality” of soul is worth everything else. “Better is it to dwell in the corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman,” and vice versa. “Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.” “Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than *great treasures*, and trouble therewith.” “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.” And let it never be forgotten that “a *good name* is rather to be chosen, than riches, and *loving kindness*, than *silver and gold*.

How much better is it, to “marry for love and work for riches,” if *riches* must be had! To one whose heart and head are right, pure affection is worth more than all the gold and gems of the earth.

INDULGENCE TO CHILDREN.

Those are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is the way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood, or destroy the natural energy of character incidental to the youthful mind. No family, perhaps, is so truly and substantially happy, no home so peaceful and delightful, as that in which the children are under mild and gentle discipline, accustomed to submit themselves to those who have the rule over them, to be kindly affectioned to one another, with brotherly love, and to live under the habitual recollection that God knows and observes every action.

For the Aurora.

Lines written on visiting the Old Church, after a long absence.

THE OLD CHURCH.

BURDINE.

'Tis holy Sabbath, and my soul
With old emotion swells,
For on the morning air now floats
The sound of Sabbath bells.
With every long and soothing tone,
That falls upon my ear,
Wakes olden memories in my heart—
And scenes that once were dear.

This Sabbath morn I'll bend my steps,
And enter that loved door,
I'll take the same, the dear old place,
Where I have sat of yore.
A hollowed spot, it seems to me,
For oft I've bowed me there,
And felt that God, in his great love,
Had heard my youthful prayer.

I look around, but all I see,
So sadly speaks of change;
In vain for one loved face I seek,
Alas how cold and strange.
The dear old friends, my heart now asks,
Where! oh, where are they?—
A shudder, creeping to my soul,
Whispers “passed away!”

A gray-hair'd man—now through my tears
I see him in the isle,
Who whispers as he points above,
“Behold the cross my child!”
His words were oil on the troubled sea,
They hushed the heaving tide,
And o'er the deep I saw a Star,
By which my bark may guide.

But he too gone!—yes sleeps in death—
Another stands now there
And reads us from the sacred book
And bows his head in prayer.

They're not the tones I heard of old,
But fall like words at play,
In vain I try to hush my soul,
I cannot, cannot pray.

For the Aurora.
HOPE AND DESPAIR.

AN ALLEGORY.

The bright sun had sunk in the far distant west. The birds had hushed their warbling. The shadows of approaching night covered the earth. The firmament was decorated with bright stars that glittered on high, and the pale-faced moon smiled on a lovely orphan as he sank moaning beside the recent graves of his cherished parents. Tears gushed from his bright eyes, and bathed his rosy cheeks, as kneeling on the sod, he exclaimed: "Alone! forsaken! bereft of all I cherished on earth! My parents are buried in the graves beneath me, and I am left alone!" As he knelt and looked down into the graves, a gloomy figure appears before him. She is clothed in the dark habiliments of woe. A sombre cloud is resting on her countenance. Her name is Despair. In low and solemn words she spoke to him, and said, "Thou art friendless now, earth hath no charm for thee. Thy kind parents are forever gone. The light of thy life is extinguished, and thou are left alone to drink the bitter cup of woe. Give up all, and follow me."

Almost heart-broken with the dark words of Despair, he was about yielding to her influence, when a bright being, with celestial radiance, approaches him. She is arrayed in robes of white, and the light of heaven is beaming from her eyes. Her name is Hope. She gently touches him with her hand, and softly breathes into his ear.

"Fear not, lone one. The light of heaven is yet shining upon thee. Follow me, I will lead thee along the paths of pleasure,

where friendship shall cluster around thee; and joy and peace await thee."

Hope with her kind words cheers the young orphan, and brings back to his heart the sweet smiles of life, that seemed to have fled forever. Cheered by her gentle voice, and invited by her beckoning finger, he arises with a happier heart, and a stronger nerve, from the graves of his buried parents, and follows her footsteps, while the light of heaven shines with brighter rays around his pathway.

The black blasts of the wintry winds are sweeping through the heavens, as a young and thoughtful physician sits alone in his office. He is poor and friendless, and has just entered the arena of professional life. He has studied long and hard to prepare himself for that profession which his noble mind desired, as a pathway to profit and promotion. Even now he is perusing some medical books, to prepare his mind for yet higher attainments in his profession. The same dark form, with clouded brow, again stands before him. Her words of gloom once more fall upon his ear,

"Thou wilt be disappointed. Give up and yield to me. Thy labors will prove unsuccessful. In vain dost thou peruse those books. Lay them aside, and try no more."

A glance from his heavenly companion renews his courage, as she appears before him in heavenly beauty, and says, "Yield not to Despair. There still remains bright promises for thy future greatness. Venture on, and carefully peruse those tedious and difficult pages, and thy name shall yet be enrolled in the list of the great and good. And that great Being who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, will shield thee from all harm."

In a dark chamber lies a way-worn pilgrim sunk prostrate by the ravages of disease. His strength fails him. His nerves quiver. His heart trembles, and all around

seems gloomy and desolate. No tender wife stands by his couch, and smooths his pallid brow. No kind parents soothe his sorrow by their gentle words and loving smiles. No gentle sister or brother breathe sweetly into his ear the words of affection. He is bereft of all those loved ones, that his fond heart learned to cherish in his youthful days. Home seems a wilderness to him. The dark figure still haunts him with gloomy forebodings of decay. He hears her voice once more, like death and endless night, "Soon thou wilt close those bright eyes, that sparkle with intellect, in the deep sleep that knows no waking. The dark wing of death will soon fan even those feverish roses from thy cheeks. Thou wilt soon be followed to thy cold and narrow home. Soon the charming beauties of earth will delight thee no more forever."

But speedily his faithful guide interposes and lifts the veil of doubt and fear, while she points with the finger of faith, through promises sure and steadfast, to that happy home where a crown of glory is laid aside for those who love and obey the Savior. With smiling countenance, she lifts his eyes to that long sought home, beyond the azure sky, where the loved and lost have gone, and where he hopes to meet them, and wear the golden crown, and join the choir of angels, and to raise his voice in songs of praise, where sorrow is unknown "Oh!" he exclaims, "those bright familiar faces soon will I behold, and grasp the cordial hand, never more to part. I rejoice in going to that home of joy and peace. I freely leave all earthly things and go to my home on high. And just before death's icy hand had closed his eyes in his last long sleep, with uplifted hands and joyful heart, he exclaims:

"Sweet to repose in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed
And waft my spirit home."

ANOTHER JUNIOR.

BROWNSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.

For the Aurora.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

A boy once in an angry mood
His sister struck, who near him stood.
She raised her hand to return the blow;
"But stop!" the mother said, "not so:
Instead of a blow return a kiss;
Nothing will melt his heart like this."
Her anger fell, her love arose,
Around his neck her arms she throws;
She kissed her brother, and his heart
Was melted, and the tears did start.
She softly wipes his flowing eyes,
And "Brother weep not," gently cries.
But as her kindness thus abounded,
More deeply still his heart was wounded;
And bitterly the boy regretted
The hasty wrong he had committed.
Now better feelings filled his breast,
Of anger fully dispossessed;
And dearer to his heart was she,
Whose love had gained the victory.

Let us be like this little child;
To those who injure us be mild;
And overcome them by our love.
This course will God himself approve.
This is the lesson, he hath taught,
Who by his death salvation brought;
And who, when hanging on the tree,
And suffering all its agony,
Prayed for the men who nailed him there.
"Father forgive them," was his prayer.

O! Savior, make us more like thee,
Mild, gentle, peaceful let us be.
Bid anger and revenge depart;
And let thy spirit fill our heart.

T. B. R.

"Sleep is death: O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as at last I lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed,
Where'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with thee.

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER;
OR, THE YELLOW FEVER SEASON OF LOUISIANA,
IN 1853.

BY S. E. M'KINLEY, A. M., M. D.*

At this period, the state of the country was frightful beyond belief; for it is well known that the mortality of the season we are describing was considerably greater than that which even *cholera* occasioned in its worst and most malignant ravages. Indeed, the latter was not attended by such a tedious and lingering train of miseries as that which, in so many woeful shapes, surrounded yellow fever. The appearance of *cholera* was sudden, and its operations quick, and although, on that account, it was looked upon with tenfold terror, yet for this very reason the consequences which it produced were by no means so full of affliction and distress, nor presented such strong and pitiable claims on human aid and sympathy as did those of yellow fever.

In the one case, the victim was cut down by a sudden stroke, which occasioned a shock or moral paralysis both to himself and the survivors—especially to the latter—that might be almost said to neutralize its own inflictions. In the other, the approach was comparatively so slow and gradual that all the sympathies and afflictions were allowed full and painful time to reach the utmost limits of human suffering, and to endure the wasting series of those struggles and details which long illness, surrounded by destitution and affliction, never fails to inflict. In the *cholera*, there was no time left to feel—the passions were wrenched and stunned by the blow, which was over, one may say, before it could be perceived; whilst, in the wide spread, but more tedious desolation of yellow-fever, the heart was left to brood over the thousand

[WE are much indebted to Dr. McKinley, of Louisiana, for the following graphic description drawn by his pen.—ED.]

phases of love and misery, which the terrible realities of the one, joined to the alarming exaggeration of the other, never failed to present.

In cholera, a few hours, and all was over; but in the awful form which now prevailed, there was the gradual approach—the protracted illness, *in those who were to recover*, the long nights of racking pain—day after day of raging torture—and that dark period of uncertainty when the balance of human life hangs in the terrible equilibrium of suspense—all requiring the exhibition of constant attention—of the eye whose affection never sleeps—the ear that is deaf only to every sound but the moan of pain—the touch whose tenderness is felt as a solace, so long as suffering itself is conscious—the pressure of the aching head—the moistening of the parched and burning lips—and the numerous and indescribable offices of love and devotedness, which always encompass, or should encompass, the bed of sickness and of death.* There was, we say, all this, and much more than the imagination itself, unaided by a severe acquaintance with the truth, could embody in its gloomiest conceptions. In fact, Louisiana, but more especially that portion of it lying in and embraced by the main arms of the *great delta*, (the sugar region,) during the season we are so imperfectly describing, might be compared to one vast lazarus-house, filled with famine, disease and death. The very skies of heaven were hung with the black drapery of the grave; for never within the memory of man before it, and of course not since then, did the clouds present shapes of such gloomy and funeral import. Hearses, coffins, long funeral processions, and all the dark emblems of mortality, were re-

* The writer was appointed by the Sanitary Commission of New Orleans to report his observations upon the epidemic; that lead him to a degree of intimacy hitherto unknown to those whose sphere of duty required no such arduous and onerous performances.

flected, as it were, on the sky, from the terrible works of pestilence which were going forward on the earth beneath it. To all this, the thunder was not unfrequently adding its angry peals, and the lightning flashing as if uttering the indignation of heaven against our devoted people, for the history of medicine is replete with instances showing that during the progress of a wide spread disease, storms are not unfrequent, and on this occasion one instance more was added to bear out what history declares to be true. And to digress for a moment, we would here call the attention of the reader to the almost unprecedented storm which preceded the yellow fever at Savannah, Ga., in 1854. This storm was so destructive as to render the citizens tremblingly apprehensive of their lives, from it alone.

But to proceed. What rendered such fearful manifestations ominous, and alarming to the superstitions, was the fact of their occurrence in the evening and at night, circumstances which are always looked upon with unusual terror and dismay. To any persons passing through the country, such a combination of startling and awful appearances was presented as has never been witnessed before in any part of the American continent. Every object was reminiscent of the fearful desolation progressing around. The features of the people were gaunt, their eyes wild, and in some showed that retrogression from the sockets, noticed by the more calm and observing, which imparts an appearance too gloomy to admit of description by the language in which we write.—Pass along the roads, and you were met by little groups bearing home on their shoulders a coffin, or perhaps two of them.—The roads were literally black with funerals; and as you passed along from Parish to Parish, the death bells were pealing forth in slow but dismal notes the gloomy tri-

umph which disease was achieving over the face of our devoted country—a country that each successive day filled with darker desolation and deeper mourning. Nor was this all. The people had an alarmed and unsettled aspect; and whether you met them as individuals or crowds, they seemed when closely observed to labor under some strong and insatiable want that rendered them almost reckless. Hundreds upon hundreds of Europeans *proletarians* who were then in Louisiana as laborers upon the Railroad then, as now, progressing through the State, but whose operations were suspended in many places on account of the irresistible ravages of the yellow fever, were reduced to a state of mediancy deplorable in the highest degree. The number of this class of persons who were reduced to a state of temporal want, by the interposition of influences which they could not possibly control, was incredible; and to depict that state into which they were reduced by the refusal on the part of their employers to pay—added to their well-known habits of irregularity—would require the use of language only to be found in the vocabulary of the vicious, and at variance with the cultivated graces and more refined amenities of social life. Had it not been for the unparalleled exertions of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION, local committees and temporary hospitals, many of them would have perished of hunger if not by the prevailing disease. It was no unusual sight to see the father and mother, accompanied by their children, going, they knew not whither, and to witness one or the other lying down by the road side; and well were they off who could succeed in obtaining a pillow of moss, on which, as a luxury, to lay down their aching head, that was never more to rise from it, until borne in a Parish hearse, to a shallow and a hasty, and but too frequently a watery, and that a pauper's

grave! That, indeed, was a trying and melancholy period in which all the lingering traces of self-respect—all recollection of former independence, all sense of modesty were cast to the winds. Under the complex destitution which prevailed among them everything like shame was forgotten; families who, anterior to that period, may have felt the dignity and respectability which independent circumstances convey, were precipitated almost at once into all the common cant of importunity and clamor during the frightful struggle between life and death. This, the reader will admit, was a most deplorable state of things, unfortunately we cannot limit the truth of our description to the scenes we have just attempted to portray. The misery which prevailed, as it had more than one source so it had more than one aspect. The season, though wet, was warm; and it is unnecessary to say, that the luxuriance of all weeds and unprofitable productions, was rank and strong, while also an unhealthy fermentation pervaded everything destined for food. A brooding stillness, too, lay over all nature; cheerfulness had disappeared, even the groves and hedges circling the cane fields, were silent, for the very birds had ceased to sing, and the earth seemed as if it moaned for the approaching calamity, as well as for that which had been felt by the suffering hundreds, who in terror for the yet living, whose fate was so sadly endangered by the rapidly approaching increase of the fell-destroying tyrant, whose only language seemed to be that which had already swept its hundreds to an untimely grave. The whole country, in fact, was weltering in the wet of occasional heavy and almost constant small showers, while the frequent momentary cataracts, in their descent, joined to a low monotonous *hiss* proceeding from we knew not whither, poured their faint but dismal murmurs on

the gloomy silence which otherwise prevailed around. Such was the aspect of the season in question; but as hours, days and weeks advanced, accumulating in their progress, other and new elements of dismay, the heart in its terror sunk to a depth of lowness only expressed by death itself! The sun, ere he sank among the dark western clouds, shot out over this dim and miserable prospect a light so angry, yet so ghastly, that it gave to the whole earth a wild, alarming and spectral hue, *like that seen in some feverish dream.* In this appearance there was great terror and sublimity, for as it fell upon the dark shifting clouds, the effect was made still more awful by the accidental resemblance which they bore to coffins, hearses, and funeral processions, as observed by the creoles, many of whom are blindly superstitious, while an element of the same pervades the mind of the whole human family, all of which seemed to have been lit up against the deepening shades of evening by some gigantic death-light superadded its fearful omens to the gloomy scene on which it fell. The sun, as he then appeared, might not inaptly be compared to some great prophet, who, clothed with the majesty and terror of an angry God, was commissioned to launch his denunciation against the iniquity of nations, and to reveal to them, as they lay under the shadow of his wrath, the terrible calamities with which he was about to visit their transgressions. Cheerfulness and mirth had gone and were forgotten; all the customary amusements of the people had died away. Almost every home had a lonely and deserted look, for it was known that one or more beloved beings had gone out of it to the grave. A dark heartless spirit was abroad. The whole land, in fact, mourned, and nothing on which the eye could rest bore a thriving look, or any symptoms of activity, but the church-yards!—

And here the digging and interring was incessant—at the early twilight, during the gloomy noon, the dreary dusk, and the still more funeral light of the midnight taper!

For the Aurora.

TRAVEL.

I do not pretend that mine is an original composition. I have been reading some articles entitled "Afoot" and was pleased with them. I have quoted largely from them. The ideas are far better than any I can give, and of course more interesting and improving. We have also been reading the Vicar of Wakefield, and he has furnished me with some matter.

The writer of the articles I have mentioned says "that nature first set man on foot," as an indication that he was to carry himself, but that he did not long obey her dictates. He showed his disobedience by lifting himself from the ground and making the animals carry him wherever he wanted to go. Horses, camels, elephants, dromedaries, mules, oxen, dogs, reindeer, and donkeys, have been forced to take him and his, and move according to his will. Even the lord of the forest, the lion, has been harnessed to his chariot. He has made all sorts of carriages, to show that he don't like to go afoot, and that he won't do it. He will be jolted, jammed and suffocated in anything on four wheels, thinking it better than walking, at his own expense. To mount himself on anything with four legs, is better than carrying himself on two. A boy, imitating his betters, will run for hours to catch a horse, to ride two or three miles, or sit on the edge of a cart and be shaken within an inch of dislocation, rather than trust to his own feet. The children all think it a great matter to ride. To go down hill on a plank in snowy weather, or to have a lift in a wheelbarrow, is a thing that is talked about

and remembered. The boy remembers his first ride on a pony, and thinks himself much more of a man after that event. The Spanish nobleman will be drawn by four long-tailed black horses, at a snail's pace, because it is dignified. He won't hurry through life. The Portuguese countess enters her dust covered machine, built something like a carriage, and drawn by four oxen. The driver cracks his whip, the animals wake up, the wheels creak, and the lady looks out with the greatest contempt upon all those who pass her afoot. We might refer to the Vicar of Wakefield's family, as an example of the pride people have in being carried, instead of carrying themselves. Their steeds were old and very peculiar. Blackberry was marble-eyed, and the colt had no tail. Neither had been broke to the rein, and both had a hundred vicious tricks. The young ladies mounted one, and the mother, Moses, and the two little boys took the other. Both of them refused to leave home until beaten forward with a cudgel, for two hundred yards. The strap of the old ladies' saddle broke, and by the time it was mended, Blackberry had taken it into his head that he would not go a step further, and neither blows nor entreaties would induce him to change his notion. He seemed to think that home was the best place in the world, and leave it he wouldn't. The family however kept their seats, and by the time they had fairly started to meeting, they met the Vicar coming back home. He had waited for them some time, but they staid too long, he delivered his sermon, and then went home to see what was the matter. A good writer says that the world has no sympathy with one who goes afoot. He says, that people talk of a man having a good head, a good heart, that he is a good shot, sings a good song, but they never talk of his being a good walker—never enumerate good walking among the manly virtues.

There are, however; a few men of staff and scrip, who depend upon their own feet, for their comings and goings up or down in the earth. One of these says that to live the true life of travel, to see, to hear, or feel, to gather pictures, to feel the throbbing pulses, to fill the eye with images of beauty, the heart with impulses of love and truthfulness, we should go afoot. He whose foot carries him to the hearths and temples, and over the wide fields of nature, will behold the sunlight and moon gleams, the blending of hill, vale and stream. He will see the wondrous harmonies of light, shade, and color, in the fullness of their glory.

The same writer says, the scenes laid open by the foot of man, are those which have inspired our deepest thoughts of poetry and romance, our tenderest touches of sentiment, and our truest lessons of philosophy. DeQuiry traveled on foot in Wales. He took a light tent with him, spread it on hillside and valley, and there slept. He had however, some objections to this way of getting on. He said he never laid down to rest, but that he had great fear that some wild lumbering cow might intrude upon him, and poach her heavy foot into his face.

As I have spoken of Wales, I will mention that the language is a difficulty with strangers. A traveller there, says, "that a person must have a cold in the head, a knot on the tongue, and a husk of barley in his throat." If he does not know Welsh, Chinese, or Cherokee, will do just as well. The writer I quoted liked butter-milk, but did not think it good in that country. Their word for it is spelt *cw rw dda*. I have spelt it but have not tried to pronounce it. He says, "with all the difficulties, if a man can listen to simple plaintive music, can be content to see birds, beasts and fishes enjoying their freedom, let him hasten to the mountain side, wander in the

valley, and along the rivers, and he will not regret his trip to Wales. Men however, like to be carried faster than they can carry themselves, and go in crowds where the greatest speed can be had. This of course is on railroads. There is however, much fear and dread, aboard of the cars, and no wonder. It is difficult to feel safe in a machine composed of 3,000 parts, where a screw loose, a stop deranged, may dash one's life out in an instant. We go at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and a drunken man may be the master of our fate. The slipping of a pebble under the wheel, may project and pulverize one into a thousand fragments. The men of the East say, that we of the Saxon blood, inherit the wandering foot a curse, that we cannot rest, but must wander on and on, by the will of fate. Whether it is so or not, many love a life of travel. The writer that we have quoted, says, "they who travel afoot, see the world as it is. They see the gentleness of the gentle, and the churlishness of the churl. They see the courtesy of the courteous, and the hospitality of the generous. He says "we have enjoyed kindness and good humor at the rich man's table, and have feasted on them at the scant board of the peasant. We have seen them in smiles and greetings, in pleasant salutations and offered seats, in little friendly acts, that lighten the foot, and gladden the heart of the wayfarer. The memories of such things fan our thoughts like angel wings. Their name is legion, these gentle deeds. Travellers meet with the cultivated and the vulgar, with those who cannot appreciate the beautiful, and those who love it in all its forms. One who had studied and admired it in the noble statues of Italy, spoke to a Yankee of the Venus de Medici. He listened, but said to me, "I tell you stranger, I don't think much of them stone gals, no how." The gentleman said nothing more. That the Venus de Medici

should be called a *stone gal* silenced him.

Some people go from one part of the world to the other, and grumble all the way. They wish all the advantages of travel, and are not willing to put up with any of the inconvenience. A dirty Inn, a bad road, destroys all comfort and good humor. Such persons should stay at home. They can avoid these troubles and annoy no one. A lady, to be a good traveler, should be able to face the mountain breeze, and not mind it, if she has to wipe with "hasty step the dews of the upland lawns." She must not mind the heat of the sun, or trouble herself about her bonnet, or curls, in a pelting shower. She should be able to mount a rough poney, and take a gallop on him, or scramble over a stone wall. She must have a firm head, so that in case of necessity she may walk a plank or a log, instead of a bridge, without falling into the stream. She must ford rivers, climb tall mountains, and never think about ticks and chigars. If she can skate for miles on the ice, or chase a possum, or a rabbit, she will have the more fun, and the better appetite. Some ladies of talent and good health have accustomed themselves to go much afoot. The sister of Wordsworth was in the habit of going with him in most of his travels, and a great part of his time was spent in studying nature in woods, glens and mountains. "It is well to roam and we will not only see, but feel. We should roam with a hungry heart—with a heart hungering after beauty and wisdom—with a heart open to impressions, both great and small, from the grandeur of a mountain to the loveliness of a heather bell—from the prattling of a child, to the maxims of a hoary head. We will see things that might make angels weep. It is good to see man in all conditions. It is good to see him when his head is bowed, and his spirit chastened, when he is struggling with his sorrow, or bending in sub-

mission to the God who chasteneth him. It is good to see him when his heart is merry and his soul is glad, when there is light on his brow, and joy beameth in his face, when his step is light, and his voice joyous, and the sources of his love full and flowing. See him at all times, in his joy, and in his sorrow, and thou wilt look into the depths of his soul." "See him in his labor, and in his rest, and thou wilt see the strength and endurance of his heart. See his footprints as he passes through life; see if they remain as a sign and a guide to other men, and if he makes his life sublime—sublime in faith—sublime in truthfulness—sublime in earnest endeavors."

ALICE.

Franklin Female College

For the Aurora.

COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES.

CHAPTER IV.

2d. "Last evening left P. at about 10 o'clock in company with Mr. Moore and several others, and in four and a half hours arrived at Bankok, and took the friendly hand of brother Dean. May God make us a blessing to this infant mission, and may our steps be guided by him, and O may I live to enter China and lay my bones there."

Here I will introduce a portion of an extended and interesting correspondence, held between Mr. R. and his fellow-laborer, the zealous and devoted Rev. J. Lewis Shuck. The extracts I give may serve to illustrate the character of both the writer and the recipient of these warm breathings of an ardent soul.

SINGAPORE, June 20th 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER REED:—I have it in my heart to drop you a hasty line. My dear brother I feel peculiar in parting with you and sister R. I love you more than I

ever did, and hope yet to meet you on China's shores.

* * * * *

Write to me often, and correct, reprove, and advise me plainly. I shall love you still more if you do. I know of no missionary in the field who seems so near to my heart, as you, and my constant prayer for you shall be that you may be an humble, holy, useful, and happy laborer in the cause of our common Master. Let me have a place in your prayers and affections, not because of any goodness about me but because I am your fellow-laborer, though confessedly unworthy. I feel a singular determination (the Lord being my helper,) of accomplishing some achievement for the moral renovation of the heathen. The heathen shall feel my influence, if God will give grace and life. I ask your cooperation, your prayers, and your sympathy. Adieu my dear, dear brother. May the smiles of Heaven attend you. Farewell.

Yours, most affectionately in the Lord Jesus.

J. L. SHUCK.

Again, under date of August 25th, he writes:

BELOVED BROTHER:—Your truly affectionate and interesting letter was welcomed and read with delight. I felt grateful to the Ruler of the winds and the waves, to hear of your quick and pleasant passage, safe arrival and good health. May your life be precious in the sight of the Master whom you serve, and may your days end in peace and joy, after you have wielded an influence full of missionary glory, that shall be felt and acknowledged by generations yet unborn! Many have been the changes of my mind and circumstances since I bade you adieu. In a letter sent a few weeks since by a junk, I gave you an epitome of my determinations and intended movements, together with some reasons which urged me to go at once to China. My passage is already paid for, and we embark in four or five days from this date for Macao. I hope my dearest brother that you will tenaciously adhere to the resolution expressed so feelingly in your letter, "never to rest until your feet are planted in China, or you cease from your labors." I rejoice to have you say that you "see no reason for my coming to Siam, and that

you "give me your pledge to leave no efforts untried by man to erect the standard of the cross within the proud walls of the Celestial Empire." Your remarks, that "we should not wait for others to represent American Baptists in China," is perfectly consonant with my feelings, and present determinations. I shall certainly give you an immediate history of matters on my arrival in China, and trust you will hold yourself in readiness to come at once should circumstances favor. Your kind advice will also be quite acceptable.

J. L. SHUCK.

Soon after, Mr. S. entered China, or rather Macao, against the judgment of some of his brethren, as his letters indicate, but he himself seemed, in taking the step, inspired with a noble and Christian determination and confidence.

We might quote much from his glowing letters upon this subject, but we forbear. May we not hope, in view of the extended and prosperous career of Mr. S. among the millions of China, that he was led by a good spirit when he entered that great field? One who knew him intimately, his companion, wrote at the time "I do verily believe that it was as much ordered that we should leave Singapore, and come to Macao, as it was that we should become missionaries at all."

From his Journal Mr. R. appears to have continued seeking an entrance into the country which lay nearest his heart. He says, "I sigh for a knowledge of the language, and a location in some part of China. I do believe that the time will come if my faith fails not." In the meantime he relaxed not his efforts for the Chinese or others among whom he was thrown while acquiring the language. He says, "Walked out on Sunday—gave away a few tracts, and conversed with some on the folly of idolatry, and was affected as I told them they must not worship the images, before which the lights were burning, to hear one

of them, ask whether he might not worship a quantity of god sticks which were near by."

December 11th, he writes: "To-day made my first efforts in talking a little to a Chinese congregation. I felt considerably embarrassed, and could not say what I wished to say. God is able to give me assistance, and in him I trust."

Dec. 31. Saturday evening he breathed the following: "Glory to thee, my God for the mercies of the past year. O, forgive my multiplied sins, and let the light of thy countenance shine on my future pathway. Most solemnly would I dedicate myself and mine to thee, and to thy service. Give wisdom and grace, and prepare me for each event of the year, and of subsequent life. Jesus save.

At the same date, of January 1st, Mrs. R. in her journal wrote: "Through the mercy of God I am still alive, though scenes painful and afflicting have fallen to my lot since my last date in this place. Yes, fond expectations have been blasted, and the yearnings of a mother's heart have been enkindled but to be spent in weeping over a departed offspring. But He who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," has done it and it is well. I trust the affliction has in a measure been sanctified to me, and hope for still greater good as the result. I feel that I have entered upon the new year with some love to God in my heart, and desire to glorify him. For worlds I would not lose his presence and wander in ways of my own forming. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, purify my heart, and guide me in judgment. Make me a blessing to my fellow-men, and a glory to thy holy name. I would not live 'as the beasts that perish, but an immortal being rescued by thine arm from eternal death. Here Lord I give myself to thee, 'tis all that I can do."

"SHE'S RICH!"

"You ought not to speak so about her; she's rich!"

"You *must* be mistaken—she always dresses so plainly. She would certainly make more show if she were really rich. How do you know?"

"I have been intimately acquainted with her family from her infancy."

"Well! who would ever take her to be rich? She goes to church in plain merino, and neither wears jewelry nor crinoline! Do you know how much she is worth?"

"No, not exactly Thomas; but I know she is worth enough to be a prize to any of you young fortune hunters, if you were worthy of her?"

"Do you suppose she is worth twenty thousand?"

"More."

"Fifty thousand?"

"More than that."

"A hundred thousand."

"Yes, more than a million—there is no estimating her worth."

"Are you in earnest uncle John?"

"Surely I am."

"Uncle John—will you forgive me for speaking so slightly of her. I really begin to think she is *beautiful*. She must be mine! Will you assist—

"Stop! stop. She will never be yours."

"Why, uncle, is she engaged? I'll fight for her!"

"Don't take on so. She is not engaged, that I know of; but she would not marry you, if you had millions."

"Why uncle?"

To be plain with you, Thomas, she has too much *sense*. She knows you intend to marry a fortune, and she knows that you are in the habit of speaking lightly, if not contemptuously, of virtue and religion."

"But I'll amend and join the church."

"No, no; save yourself that trouble, if

you have no higher motive. You would not succeed. Lest I may slightly deceive you, Thomas, I will tell you partly in what her wealth consists.

"Do, uncle; I am, curious to know, if she can't be mine."

"Well, then, in the first place, *she has health*. That of itself were a fortune, in this age of grunting, pale, snuff dipping wives. *You* make fun at her ruddy cheeks; you'll know better, by and by.

"In the second place, she is ingenious, industrious and frugal. Here is another fortune for any worthy young man, rich or poor. She knows all about kitchen and household matters, and is not too proud to work. *You* are after a fortune with a spending machine attached. She is the fortune and its ornament.

In the third place, she is intelligent and refined—well educated in the best rudiments of our literature, eschews novels and all the Frenchy trash of the times, reads her Bible, attends Sunday School as a teacher and pupil. Is that enough? Will you not give it up that she is rich indeed?"

"Yes; but I thought she was rich in money, or something estimated by dollars and cents?"

"Well, estimate her worth in dollars and cents, if you please, and tell me the sum."

"I don't know that I can."

"No; I see your ardor is quite abated, since there is no money in her patrimony. But I have not told you all yet, nor the most material item of this young lady's fortune. She is amiable and sweet tempered. This many a poor man in the land would think another great fortune, if he only had a morsel of bread with it."

"Well, uncle, that is the extent of this strange fortune which—"

"No; the most material item, one which gives a special value and beauty to all her

other possessions is 'THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.' That is a guaranty of the *genuineness* and *safety* of everything else. That will cast its lustre upon her own pathway, and that of those around her as long as she lives.

ANGEL LILY.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Although a wonderful child, Lilly was by no means a grave, unearthly, precocious little one. Her smile was as sunny as her hair, and her eyes were always laughing. She was indeed a beam of light wherever seen. At sight of her lovely face the stern visages of worldly men relaxed, and the old always held open arms for her. She warmed their hearts with her happy, artless prattle. One day her mother took her on board of a steamboat, on a pleasure excursion. At first Lilly looked grave, finding herself among so many strange people, but spying at the farther end of the saloon a venerable man, who held a little girl by the hand, she begged her mother to let her go and see the rosy-cheeked child. Mrs.— was not afraid to trust Lilly. If she said, "Lilly, remember and do not go out of the door or by the window," she knew that she might rely upon the sweet child's implicit obedience. So away went Lilly, her beautiful great eyes shining, her step still rather slow, but when she got near the child she looked for a moment in her little chubby face, and smile answered smile; the two quickly understood each other, and were soon busily playing together. The old gentleman regarded them with a look of interest that was not lost upon Lilly, so by-and-bye sliding up to his knees, she asked—

"Is that your little girl?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "at least she is my little grand-daughter."

"Are you her grandpa?"

"Yes, dear."

"I got a grandpa," said Lilly, with that sweet, coaxing way that is in some children so irresistible, "and he's a good man and loves Jesus. Do you love Jesus?"

The old man looked at her with a strange expression, but did not speak.

"Say! you love Jesus, don't you? Don't you love Him because He died to save you? Say, don't you love Jesus?"

"My little child," murmured the old, white-headed man, and his lips began to quiver.

She looked at him earnestly, thoughtfully—then a grieved expression crossed her sweet face, and she said, softly—"You do love Jesus, don't you?"

"My little one—ah! I wish I did—I wish I did!" and he shook his head mournfully.

For one full moment she stood gazing on the floor, then flying from the knee where she had been resting, she sought her mother, caught hold of her hand, and saying, "Oh! mamma, that little girl's grandpa over there don't love Jesus; won't you come and tell him he must?"

The child would take no denial, but besought with such earnestness, that her mother was fain to go, and seat herself by the old man's side, after which Lilly, feeling perfectly assured that the old man would soon love Jesus whether he had before or not, resumed her play with her little new-found companion.

Mrs.—sat for some time silent and embarrassed where her daughter had escorted her.

"That's a wonderful little one," said the old gentleman, after he had mastered his emotion.

"Oh! no, sir, a very pleasant, good child, but there is nothing wonderful about her," replied the mother.

"Madam, pardon me—but no one ever took that much interest in me before, to ask me the simple question that child put to me, and I am now in my eighty-third year."

"The Bible, sir, you know, says that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

"Ah! yes, I remember—I read my Bible a great deal, madam," and he sighed heavily.

"And you find comfort in its truths I hope, sir?"

"No, madam. I have for many years been shaping the scriptures to suit some peculiar views of mine, and so busy and zealous have I been that I have given no attention to it, as a saving medium. When

your child put that question to me, madam I seemed suddenly to awake, as it were, out of a slumber of ages;" and again he sighed heavily.

"I think, sir," said Mrs.—, "if you would not disdain so humble an instrument, my little daughter, as she has perhaps begun the good work, might lead you to the truth."

"The boat is stopping, madam," said the old gentleman, then he added, eagerly, "will you accompany me to my home? It will be pleasanter than the hot grove, at this hour of the day, and I would talk more with that angel child."

His new-found friend consented, and they walked together, for some moments, the little children hand in hand, until they came in sight of a splended mansion. A park, dotted with beautiful timber lay in front, and the sun brightened its open paths, and threw threads of light in among the shadowed foliage spreading broadly over the green. This led into a garden well laid out, blooming with various flowers. The glass roof of a large conservatory glittered in the red light of that noon hour, and through its transparent windows the lemon and the orange could be seen.

They entered the house. It wore an air of grandeur, and every room was adorned with rich and costly furniture.

"O! what a happy house!" cried angel Lilly.

"She means," said her mother, smiling, "that everything is so beautiful, one ought to be happy here."

Again came that sigh welling up from the heart of the aged man, and he shook his head sadly, holding out his arms to the child.

"Come to me, and tell me how I may love Jesus," he said.

"Why, don't you love Him yet?" she cried, looking from him to her mother.

"Is it so easy then, my sweet child?"

"Why, it's so easy you can't help it," said the little one, simply. "Mother says she loves me dearly when I'm good, and how can you help loving Jesus who is good all the time?"

"Do you think he loves me?"
"O! I know He does," replied the child, earnestly.

The eyes of the aged unbeliever filled with tears, as he said,

"Then, surely, if he loves me, who have been always so ungrateful towards Him, I ought to love Him. Thank God! I see it in a new light," he murmured to himself. "O! madam, how can I ever be thankful enough that I met this angel? Surely, if I seek Him He will be found."

In her own sweet way the mother of little Lilly unfolded the plan of salvation to this hoary-headed sceptic—removing his impressions where they conflicted with the truth, and when she left him, he had humbled himself in prayer and promised not to give up his search till he had found the Saviour precious to his soul.

It was perhaps a week after this conversation that the mother of Lilly received a letter from the old gentleman, in which he wrote glad tidings of joy; now he loved the Saviour.

"Ask my little angel," he added, "what she would most like to have me buy for her. It must be something very beautiful and very costly. I am curious to know what she will say."

"What shall the good old man buy for you, Lilly?" asked her mother, as she read the latter part of his letter.

"For me, mother?"

"He says he will get you whatever you wish no matter what it costs."

"O! mother, will he?" and Lilly clapped her hands. "Will he buy a whole new library for our Sabbath School? O! that would be so nice!"

"Always another—never self," thought the gratified parent, as the tears came into her eyes. Then she added aloud, "Well, daughter, I will tell him what you want."

Before the next Sabbath a new and beautiful library graced the Sabbath School room of L——, and Lilly's eyes sparkled like diamonds as she heard the superintendent tell that it was a gift through one of the Sabbath School scholars. Was it not strange that every eye turned toward the beaming face of angel Lilly? No; for they knew that she delighted in such deeds. And when the questions came pouring in upon her, "Was it you? was it you?" her childish answer was—

"Yes; ain't you glad we've got such a beautiful library?"

That old man lived to build a house unto the Lord, and when it was completed, and they told him that angel Lilly lay in her white robes, pale and motionless, his only reply was, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheek, and pointed to the new and elegant edifice—

"There is her monument!"

Mother's Journal.

For the Aurora.

THE MEDITATIONS OF A YOUTH.

BY W. B. P.

It was on a soft and lovely Sabbath morning in the beautiful month of May—the month when every thing in nature's works seems so bright and lovely—that a youth of about ten years of age left his quiet forest home and widowed mother, for a ramble in the woods. He seemed to be possessed of that feeling which I suppose all know something about, which causes a person to desire loneliness for a time, from all the world, while he could meditate upon nature's work and even nature's God. This may seem strange to some, that a youth of but ten years should meditate upon nature's works, much less upon the Author of nature himself. However, my experience has taught me that this is not uncommon in the youth who is accustomed to ramble in the forest, as was the case with the one in question; for he was raised in the country, and a very thinly settled portion at that. But he possessed advantages, notwithstanding all this, of which many boys are deprived, and that advantage was simply this: A religious mother. Although she was a widow, and in almost absolute poverty, with a large family to be raised by her industry, and she herself suffering under the most severe afflictions of body, yet she never neglected to take the old book from the shelf, call around her the objects of her care, and read to them daily the sublime truths therein contained. And sometimes

she would do more. Oh! mothers, do you ask me what more could she do? She would get down on her knees and plead with the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, to protect her and her orphan children, to assist her in bringing them up in the way they should walk, to make them useful men and women, in society, and above all, that they might in due season be converted to Christianity, and lead a religious and pious life on earth; and finally, when it seemed meet in His wisdom to call them from this time world, that they might be received in that upper and better kingdom where the righteous shall find rest. This duty being discharged, she would then commence a conversation with her family upon some religious subjects, or recite in their hearing a short sketch of the bible narrative of good old Daniel, Job, or Abraham, and not unfrequently the kindness and condescension of Jesus Christ.

Such lessons as these, such an example as this, could not fail to impress the mind of a boy at the age of ten with an idea of the great Author of nature. It is not so much astonishing then, that the little wandering boy, as he entered the deep forest, where all around him was nothing but nature's works; the lofty rock which seemed to rise almost to the perpendicular distance of one hundred feet. The tall tree which was firmly rooted at the base of the rock, whose branches scarcely projected beyond the top of the cliff. The beautiful small stream which winds its course to the top of the rock, then teams with modest descent over the precipice, reaching the bottom in the form of small raindrops. I say it is not strange, then, after viewing the circumstances more particularly, that the youth should be absorbed in meditation. Surrounded as he was, by the natural objects before described, which would have engaged the mind of the geologist, and other objects which were calculated to attract the at-

tention of the poet. For instance, the merry songs of the birds as they hopped from bower to bower, singing their cheerful songs of praise, or the beautiful squirrel as he leaped from branch to branch, chattering to his mate. Indeed, the little student of nature—for such I must call him—seemed to be surrounded by all the objects which would produce meditation in the mind of one who had seen many more days, and read many more books, and studied many more sciences than he; for so far as education was concerned, he could just read sufficiently well to read a chapter in the good old Book for his mother, when called on; which, however, he always did with pleasure. While meditating on the surrounding objects, and their use in this world, or the design which the Creator had in making all these curiosities, his mind turned upon the creation of man, or rather the creation of himself. His thoughts were something like the following: When I consider all that I see before me, and wonder in my mind what design the great Creator had in making all these surrounding objects, my mind is at once puzzled, and I cannot answer the inquiry which arises, only by what I have heard mother say, that all things were created for the benefit of man, and made subservient to his will, or rather for the happiness of man. Then comes up the inquiry, for what purpose was man himself created? I can easily see that some men and women of my acquaintance are useful. There is Mr. T——, the preacher—the good man that almost every one loves who knows him. I can see he is of some use. Well do I remember when he came to our house and talked with my mother so interestingly about her distressed condition, and spoke words of consolation and comfort to her, telling her that perhaps her afflictions were nothing more than a trial of her faith. Such men as he, and others of my acquaintance, are of use; but others whom I know to be

men of equal ability and attainments, seem to be scarcely of any use to themselves or the community in which they live.

Now what design had the great Creator in making such a creature as I. Here I am, a poor orphan boy on earth, with hardly clothes enough to keep me warm this bright day. No wealthy parent, no wealthy friend, from whom I can expect any means to educate myself, that I may be useful to my friends, myself and my Creator. While thus meditating, unawares to him, the ~~ring~~ tears were streaming from his eyes.—

When aroused to a sense of the deep meditation into which he had fallen, he knelt down on the green earth, and there poured out the contents of a heart swollen with grief, in humble prayer to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, that he might yet make a useful man, notwithstanding the difficulties which he had to surmount.

It is needless to say, that the youth arose from his knees with a much lighter heart. His step was much lighter on his return homeward, and when he arrived at home his mother's face seemed to wear a sweeter smile than usual. He expected she would inquire of him concerning his absence, for by this time the sun was descending low, and the day was fast declining; but she seemed to understand where he had been, and for what purpose he had sought the quiet forest.

Suffice to say, that the widow raised a family of ten boys and girls—all of whom are now grown, and heads of families, useful members of society, and strange to say, all are members of the church. To whose influence do they owe all this? To whose example are they indebted? All must admit that they are indebted to a mother for the good example which she set before them while tender infants around her knees.

Mothers, will you think of this? Perhaps those fervent prayers which she offered to the great God for the welfare of her

children. Perhaps they were answered long after the mother had filled her mission on earth and left the walks of man. Who can tell? We are told that the prayers of the righteous availeth much. Then if the poor widow was righteous, God certainly heard her prayers, and answered them.—

What can a pious religious mother do? I answer, she can do much, when prompted by pure motives. Then how essential it is that every one should do all they can.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Some one has said, that if we read all the biographies of the men deservedly called great, which have ever been published, the world over, we shall find that not one of them had a fashionable woman for his mother. Without exception, their mothers were whole-souled, earnest women, who, intent upon their great life-work, thought and cared as little about fashion as they did about the changing clouds that floated over their heads. If this is true, and our own reading is not extensive enough to furnish a single example in contradiction of the statement, it is certainly a very suggestive fact.

“He has a good mother,” said a gentleman of a College student, of whom we were speaking. “How do you know,” said I. “Because he is truthful, honest, upright and sincere; he is kind and obliging in his manners, thoughtful for the comfort and convenience of others, and ready to make any little sacrifice for their accommodation. In short, he acts the *gentleman* on all occasions, small as well as great. Wherever I become acquainted with such a young man, I conclude, at once, that he has been raised by a good mother.”

Young mothers, let me whisper a word in your ears. You will soon send out into the world, “living epistles, known and read of all men,” which shall testify concerning

you, and their testimony will everywhere be believed. You will set up in conspicuous places, mirrors that shall reflect faithful portraits of your home-life. See to it now that these portraits and pictures are drawn as you will then wish them to appear.

ED.

TWO WAYS OF MANAGING A HUSBAND.

It is purely a selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Conner was a well meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Conner was continually boasting that no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Conner submitted to this thraldom very patiently, rather than contend with her, for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such dreadful passions that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in the ague; to secure his own peace, therefore, he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Conner's weakness.

"Would I," he often said, "be such a poor spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never. Poor Conner dares not say that the sun shines, without asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed."

Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on Mr. Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily. If she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir

a foot out of doors, to show that he was master; if she really wished for a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure; it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Connor to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:

"Would you believe," said she, that our neighbors, the Connors, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Boxhill? They mean to go to-morrow."

Says Mr. Cooper—"I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or any where else I would go."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will."

"Against your will indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way long enough: if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me."

"Trouble in persuading you," said Mr. Cooper; "then I am resolved to go and you shall go too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to Boxhill, for whether you will or not there you shall go,"

"Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know when you take a thing into your head, you will have your own way; I never met with a man so determined."

For the Aurora.
STRAY LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

MAY 7th, '57—It is almost sunset, and the rich golden sunlight comes streaming in at the window, shedding a few glad rays into my heart. Birds are holding concerts in the fruit trees, which are now covered with delicate leaves, and snowy blossoms. I am so glad it is Spring again. I love to watch its coming, to feel its zephyrs fan my brow. There is something in the unfolding leaves and bright flowers, to remind me of absent friends, and happy hours, long ago flown. How can one help loving the spring time in the country, where everything teems with life and beauty; azure skies, budding flowers, opening leaves, and murmuring streams; everything is lovely. O, the country for me in the spring time; the sunbeams linger so lovingly, and the birds sing so gaily.

8 o'clock.—Have been sitting by the window, looking and listening. Cynthia shines with subdued splendor.

I've been sitting in the moonlight,
Gentle zephyrs played around,
Murmuring streamlet, fluttering leaflet,
Mingled in a pleasant sound.

And I, gazing in the heavens,
Watched the silvery forms of light,
Starry heavens, fleecy cloudlets,
How I love thee, glorious night!

When the moonbeams fall so softly,
When sweet fragrance floats above,
Fancy's dreaming, memory's tablet,
Brings me forms of those I love.

And I dreaming wish the absent

Were but with me once again,
Cherished visions, choicest treasures,
They have left an aching pain.

ELOISE.

CHRISTIANITY EXEMPLIFIED.

I have somewhere heard of a regiment ordered to a small town to take it. I think it was Tyrol; but whatever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed in the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by their works. A courier from the neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "if they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying, and piping their shrill defiance. They looked around for an enemy and saw the farmer at the plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music; and the boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the 19th century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

"Where are your soldiers?"

"We have none," was the brief reply.

"But we have come to take the town."

"Well, friends, it is before you."

"But there is nobody to fight."

"No, we are christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for: a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb proof. The commander was perplexed.

"If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this."

So he ordered the horses heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.—MRS. CHILD.

LETTER FROM A DYING WIFE.

The following most touching fragment of a letter, from a dying wife to her husband, was found by him several months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was dim with tear marks, was written a long time before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen :

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day, when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all besides my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has formed itself upon my mind; and although to you and others it might now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, my dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I thus passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and, leaning on his arm, 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you. I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from

your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through the long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until, gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and, as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,
"Father who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud,
"Father who art in heaven!"

'Thy kingdom come!' still from the ground
That child-like voice did pray;
'Thy kingdom come!' God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

'Thy will be done!' with little tongue
That lisping love implores;
'Thy will be done!' the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores.

'Forever!' still those lips repeat,
Their closing evening prayer;
'Forever' floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

WIVES SHOULD BE BETTER THAN THEIR HUSBANDS.

"Don't say so, even if you will think it," said a young married lady, lately, while we were talking together of the duties of wives, and I persisted in saying, wives should be better than their husbands; that at the end of ten years, if the husband could not earnestly look in his wife's patient, cheerful face and say, "As the choicest blessing of my life, I bless God that He gave you to me, for through your influence I am a better man," then she had not been all that a wife should be.

Young wife! she had never thought of this before, and as the painful truth of another duty forced itself upon her mind, she flinched and writhed like an impatient boy who was having a thorn extracted from the tough thickness of his hard hell. My heart was pained for the young wife, yet bounded with joy when she raised her bowed head from her hands, and choking the tears back, said, resolutely:

"I must be more patient and gentle, if Charlie can never say that of me; must be a better wife than I ever have been." And then, half soliloquising, she went on, talking low, "I must be more particular about dressing neatly, like I did while he was a lover, and I must not scold Biddy, or baby

Ella, or that ugly habit will grow and fasten itself upon me, until I shall always wear a scowl like that fretful Mrs. Smith, and I must be pleasant and cheerful, and interest myself in his reading aloud, and do all I can to make him love his home."

"If I have little troubles and vexations through the day, when he comes home at night I won't tell him about them, like I used to, and I will be pleased with all he does for me, and show gratitude for every little kindness he bestows upon me."

"Dear Charlie! he is a love of a husband; he chose me among all others to walk by his side through life. I ought to make his life-path all bright and beautiful, and not plant a thorn therein."—*Ohio Cultivator.*

For the Aurora.

Do you love the spring time sister?
With its bursting of the green buds,
With its flowers peering upward,
With its sky so blue and dreamy,
And the coming of its birdlings,
Warbling their sweet notes of gladness?

O, to me, are brightest moments,
When I watch the glad Spring coming,
When I hear the bright birds trilling,
When I feel the breath of flowers;
For the gladness that steals o'er me,
Drives away each sound of discord,
Fills my thought with pleasant dreaming.
Then I think me of my childhood,
Of its sunbright hours and moments;
Of the mother that hath watched us—
Ah! she sleeps, and green the grass grows
O'er the grave, where they have placed her,
And I pray me that her spirit,
May watch o'er me, and may guide me,
So when death shall call upon me,
There may come from out the vista
Of the tomb—lone, sad and dreary—
Angel forms, who'll gladly bear me,
Bear my spirit to its haven.

Then I think me of the faded
 Dreams and hopes, and visions golden,
 That have thronged around my pathway,
 Blessed and left me, sad and lonely.
 Then the present glides before me,
 I remember friends now absent,
 They whose friendship are unto me,
 Like the fragrance of rare flowers,
 Like the pleasant song of bright birds;
 Like, all things that teem with beauty,
 Like all things that make sweet music.
 And I wonder in my dreamings,
 If those friends e'er think upon me;
 If their spirits, in their wand'ring,
 Greet me in the world of fancy.

ELOISE.

EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Our people at large take too little thought about the infinite importance of education, especially a right one, for their children; and this is more eminently true in regard to their precious daughters, the women of a soon coming age! Neglect the women—and ruin men!

What use in educating a woman? What use? Let barbarism in Madagascar, or profligacy in Utah, or all manner of pollution in the dark realms of heathendom, be left to ask; what all civilization, and all Christian philosophy answers with rational and conscientious triumph. Woman is the criterion of society. To improve and elevate the sex, is to advance and meliorate the species. What great and good man can you ordinarily show us, who had not a great and good mother? Is the influence of a mother, THAT IS A MOTHER, less potential, when excellent, because boars, and fops, and fashionable simpletons, never think of it? because infidels, who believe in Fourierism and communism, in polygamy and seraglios in Turkish and Circassian slave-marts, and oriental sensualism, utterly forget or discredit it?

Should we not educate the greatest educators in the world? A mother first influences a man—a son or a daughter, born into the world. For the infantile and formative years of life, she develops, nurtures, forms, impresses, disciplines, and blesses—or curses, a poor human stranger. What if every mother was a Eunice, a Lois, a Hannah, an Elizabeth, or, I had almost said, a Mary; what, in the constitution of God, might we expect, with his own added blessing, on their duties and services and pieties, in educating our successive generations of mankind!

JUNO.

Juno was a dog in which were mingled the blood of the spaniel and Newfoundland, and descended from a family remarkable for intelligence; for with dogs, even more than with men, talents are hereditary. This playful, intelligent creature, without any instruction, performed so many feats that she won a wide celebrity. So fond was she of her reasoning playmates, that she would at any time abandon her puppies to have a romp with the children. As a nurse, she took care of "the baby," and would follow it about, pick up its playthings, rock its cradle, and carefully restore to its hands the "chicken bone," for the moment dropped on the floor. Having once accompanied her master on a fishing excursion, she afterward would dig angle-worms, draw the fishing-rod from its hooks, and insist in the stable that the horse should be saddled, and then lead the animal by the bridle up to the door.—Her kind care extended to the chickens and ducks, and if any of the little ones were lamed or died, she at nightfall took them to their respective owners, and thrust them under the maternal wings.—When the garden was made Juno seemed to admire the nice-arranged beds, and throughout the whole summer, looked

through the palings with indignation at what she supposed to be the intruding plants in the nicely-prepared ground.

Juno never would allow the servants to possess in peace any property once belonging to her master, mistress, or their children, which was not formally given away in her presence; in that case, she never noticed the articles at all. In New Orleans this dog attracted a great deal of attention, because she would not touch the poisoned sausages thrown into the streets. She did not confine her useful labors exclusively to those who owned her, but would restore lost property when she met with it; that belonged to any of the neighbors. She appeared to understand the meaning of words, and would instantly show by her manner how perfectly she comprehended the passing conversation. If any subject was alluded to in which she took an interest, she would bark and caper about, and designate as far as possible the different things alluded to. She would remain perfectly quiet with an affectionate eye alone upon her master, through long discussions on politics or philosophy; but let any thing be said about angling or hunting, about the poultry in the yard, or kindred subjects, and she would go almost crazy with delight. This dog, combining within herself the qualities of the two most intelligent breeds of her kind, seemed but little removed from a reasoning, intelligent being; there were, at times, expressions in her eye, of affection, of thought, of sorrow, of joy, so very human that it was painful, and startled the imagination for a moment with the idea that Pythagoras was indeed correct, and that the souls of former men were imprisoned in the bodies of animals; for it was easy, in contemplating this remarkable dog, to suppose that she was possessed of a hidden intelligence not properly belonging to brute life. And yet Juno was only one of the many intelligent

beings so frequently to be met with among the dogs, who, in their humble sphere, teach us lessons of devotion, disinterestedness, and friendship.*

WEARING THE BEST CLOTHES.

An American correspondent of the *Home Journal*, who was present at the late royal wedding, thus quietly describes one of his very natural mistakes—

"There we sat, a wall of human bricks, until twelve o'clock. Owing to an obese dowager on one side, and Fred on the other, I didn't breathe easily for two interminable hours. In the meantime, my eyes were industrious enough, and my tongue, too, as for that matter; but I made so many ludicrous mistakes with the latter felicitous article, that I gave up in despair, gazed and said nothing. Like Dame Parting, I couldn't open my mouth but I put my foot into it. Twice only my rebel tongue was too much for me.

"Fred," said I, after a prolonged silence, "who is that distinguished nobleman, just opposite—the one all gold lace and silk stockings?"

"That," replied Fred, trying to hush down a malicious laugh; "that is Lord B——'s footman!"

"Oh!" thought I. Well, then, Fred, I venture again—"whose footman is that?" and I pointed with my bouquet to a modestly dressed man who was leaning against a pillar beneath us, and looking at everything with a pair of cold grey eyes. "Whose footman is that?"

"That," said Fred, "is Lord B——himself!"

After that I kept still, but I thought to myself, "What a land is this, where the footmen wear all the good clothes!"

UNIVERSAL EQUALITY.—"There is but one way of securing universal equality to man—and that is, to regard every honest employment as honorable, and then for every man to learn in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor."

For the Aurora.

THE WOUNDED STAG.

[See Engraving.]

BURDINE.

Hark!—as faintly breaks the morn—
The wild h-o-l-l-o-o!—the hunter's horn.
The dew-dript thicket trembling shakes—
A wounded stag bounds from the brakes,—
The hunter's hounds in chorus bay,
The light steed bounds away, away.

Now follows close a flying hound;
The mad deer spurns the yielding ground;
See! the red gore oozes from his side,
With every quick and pulse-like stride,
Hard he strives the stream to cross—
Tis life or death—all won or lost.

The water streaks with ruddy gore;
The stag has reached the other shore,
Through the tangled wood now breaks a pass,
And flies along o'er the silky grass;
While deeper bays the hunter's hound,
And nears the prize with every bound.

The hound has reached the streamlet side,
And plunges cross the sparkling tide;
His glossy coat now stops to shake,
Then wildly plunges through the brake.
Now springing t'wards the flying prey,
He eager bounds along the way.

He madly strives for life in death,
And loudly pants to catch his breath,
As from his side the dark blood flows;
The wounded stag still fainter grows;
He tries in vain, the woods to bound,
And reels along the rocky mound.

He starts to hear the hollow bay,
Then heaving tries to dash away,
And madly plunges o'er the ground,
As closer comes the hunter's hound,
Now brighter grow the sparkling eyes,
He reeling falls—now shuddering dies.

The grass is stained with redden'd gore—
The gallant stag will course no more;
And close beside the fallen prey,
The faithful hound now panting lay—
To take his rest—the work is done,
The race is o'er, the day is won.

THE HOME MOTHER.

We must draw a broad line between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself—she, who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements. Not so with our home mother, blessings be upon her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties.

How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but she can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters around their necks.

There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not—if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before they slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprint a good night kiss on each rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at

rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with what a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill.

Blessings on the gentle, home-loving mother. Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment.'

—*Masonic Mirror.*

WOMAN.

Oh, woman! rouse thee from the sleep,
Which all thy faculties would keep
In dormant state!—dare to be free
From custom's fond idolatry!
Dare—dare to think! assert the mind,
That is in woman's form enshrined,
Was never meant a toy to be,
A play-thing for the mastery
Of greater souls! No! there was giv'n
To the a holy spark from heav'n,
Which bade thee walk this ball of Earth,
Worthy thy high, and glorious birth;
A sister spirit, pure and bright,
To erring man—his path to light—
His home to cheer—his aid to be—
The blest star of his destiny!

If such the station thee assign'd
By the All-Wise, and potent mind,
Look to thyself! examine—see
If thy life shows the dignity
Of thinking,—reas'ning intellect?
If not, reform! thyself respect!
Thy influence is ever shown
From the log-cabin' to the throne;
And though Man claims the tyrant right
To rule thee by his arm of might,
Thou know'st, though force *may* victor be,
Thou *wilt* reign o'er his destiny;
Make him of joys or woes possess't,
A creature wretched—or more blest.

Then rouse thee, woman! 'tis the time,
When round thee clusters crime on crime;
When Statesmen, Bank-men, and the train

Who fill our offices for gain,
Prove faithless to their trusts—and o'er
The Merchant's desk, the Tradesman's store
The Workman's toil—all round, we see
In principle a laxity,
Which speaks the honest man alone
In all the crowd is rarely known—

What is *thy* part, then? 'tis to feel
Thou too art guilty, and to seal
The firm conviction in thy mind,
By acting out the part assign'd
By moral principle, and right;
And shrink not, Woman! for the sight
Is far more glorious to thee
Than splendor, rank, and royalty.

Question thy conscience—am I clear?
Are these things mine I hold so dear?
Or, can another rightly claim
What I enjoy in thoughtless shame?
And is the hand that toils for me
From every foul dishonored free?
Is he ne'er tempted wrong to share
That I, and mine the fruits may wear?
And are the ties of love, and home,
Snares, that may lead his soul to roam
From virtue's path, and gloss crime o'er
'Till it shall seem like crime no more?

Oh never! never let this be;
But show the heart that doats on thee
That poverty can bring no fear,
If honest faith and truth are near;
That thou would'st rather mark his brow
Unsullied, than all splendor show;
That thou with joy would gladly share
The *poorest home*, than he should bear
Upon his conscience, shame or wrong.
Show thou canst conquer *self*, and then
Thou mayest teach Wisdom unto Men.

In the retirement of thy home,
Whether a great, or humble dome,
It is the same—for duties lie
In every station, low or high,
Deep in the heart—and it is there
The work begins, which each must share—
Show by thy life it matters not
To thee, thy station, rank, or lot—

One simple path is thine to tread;
It is the right! and thou art led
By ev'ry hope thou hast in Heav'n,
By ev'ry tie unto thee giv'n,
To tread in that one path alone,
And lead the hearts around thee thrown
Here can thy influence be shown.

Now is the time to let man see,
That he may even worship thee;
Not with the fond idolatry
That bends Man down to form, or face,
To touching tone, or winning grace;
But for the energies of mind
That speak a soul subdued—refin'd—
Willing to struggle, or to die,
Rather than shrink, when duties lie
Before thee—and thy spirit pure
Scorning the wrong would pangs endure,
Rather than sully feelings giv'n
To link thee with the just in Heav'n
And Man will worship, and will bow
Not to thine eye, or cheek, or brow;
But unto him thy form shall be,
A living Temple—and through thee
The spark divine his passions reach,
And justice, truth, and duty teach.
Hast thou not wach'd the trickling rill
That left the mountain-side, or hill,
And calmly—gently wound its way
O'er craggy rock—through flow'ry brae,
And gath'ring force at ev'ry turn
Become a bright, and boonie burn?
And now a river, great and strong,
It urges on its way along,
Till mingling with the ocean's roar
A thing of might from shore to shore,
That dew-drop (in its mountain home)
Bears nations o'er its crested foam?
In this an emblem mayest thou see
Of Woman's noble destiny.

BAD THOUGHTS.—Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

For the Aurora.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

A youth starts forward. Health mantles his cheek with crimson blood, gives a graceful sway to the elegant form, and a deeper light to the dark eye. Hope points her trembling fingers to honors high and joys unknown. Faith with glad smile and ready arm, urges him on. Onward he rushes, unmindful of the evil spirits that surround him to check his progress. Pleasure beckons him to sylvan spots, and vernal bowers, where silvery brooks murmur their never ceasing lays, and the wild sweet notes of the greenwood songster, lulls to rest the weary spirit. Idleness, in his purple robes, reclining upon his costly couch, bids him stop and rest; and love, with balmy touch strives in vain to close those piercing eyes, while the syren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy greet him at every step. Yet onward he still rushes. Intellect places her stamp upon his pale brow, while religion, with holy touch, kindles a celestial fire in the depths of those fathomless eyes; he bows to Innocence; lifts Timidity's head; with ready purse, listens to the complaint of the poor, and with sympathy dispells the dark shadows of despair.

He now receives the highest honors, and greatest reward, "a good name;" then he knows its value. Ah yes! he knows its value then, when Fashion stops her gaudy car to gaze at him in wonder. Beauty worships at his shrine, and the guilty tremble at his step, and childhood, with "simple faith and earnest trust" stands beside him. His last footfall finds an echo in the dim, misty halls of future ages; and his godlike eloquence vibrates in sonorous tones through the hearts of his countrymen. He turns from the past to view the "promised land," where rivers flash and fountains sparkle, in the heavenly radiance,

murmuring their eternal anthems to the immortal God. His crown of earth's laurels, is joyfully resigned for one of fadeless glory. On deathless wings he is wafted to that land of "pure delight," while memory builds for him a monument, and peace throws a halo over his grave.

In a clime more bright than this,
Where weary souls are bathed in bliss,
And names immortal written there,
He'll find the value of his name.

MINNEHAHA.

"ALWAYS SINGING!"

While talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn :

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice, from its silvery softness. I listened for a while, and then said, "That child has a sweet voice."

"Yes, she has," returned my friend. She is always singing!"

Always singing!

I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fullness, strewing the earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was trilling on the air.

"Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly!"

This time the little singer was in the yard. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features—the sweet eyes like "brown birds flying to the light" the fine expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she would soon have her wish answered, and find a refuge in heaven!"

Always singing!

Autumn came; the wild swan was turning toward the South; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived. By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing in the gushing fullness of imperishable glory!

—*Home Magazine.*

For the Aurora.
SHE GENTLY, FIRMLY PRESSED ME
HAND.

BY S. E. M'KINLEY, A. M., M. D.

TO MISS MARIA WILLIS WILSON.

Her eyes in mellow modesty, cast on the silent floor a look of sadness and regret! then gently Rose her noble brow, and forth came sparkling jets,

In stream-like rays of golden light! But Softer far! than sapphire beauty, and poured Upon the altar of me heart.

Then she spoke with modest tongue and timid Voice, to say *good-by!* and calmly placed her child-like hand

In mine, *me* oaken pride and stern of soul Gave way, and by her side a captive stood Enchained! The entrancing cord of love was woven,

And death-like muteness reigned around— Save in *me* beating breast! where murmurs Spotted *hopes* which love caressed—hopes born,

But born, alas! too soon to be suppressed!

She gently, firmly pressed me hand—and As the pressure came, her lustrous eyes beamed on me.

Their own pellucid *azure* light, which cast a halo

Round, and fixed forever in the gleaming Tendrils of *me* soul, an *idolizing* love! Which time's mutating hand, in life's fierce storm,

In seas of rolling sadness, swiftly bearing on, Or madning pleasure in Plutus' halls, Can never! never!! never!!! chase away!

“Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.”

Editor's Port-Folio.

Dr. Baird has just concluded a course of lectures in this place, which were well attended, and highly appreciated by the audience. He has resided several years in Europe, traveled extensively through the Continent, and he relates, in a most interesting manner, the scenes and events which have come under his own observation, and which he has viewed with the keen eye of a true philosopher. We think his lectures and discourses are calculated to do much good, not only on account of the valuable information they contain, but still more on account of their tendency to rouse a spirit of true patriotism and christian philanthropy in the hearts of the American people. We wish all the youth in our land could listen to them.

Dr. Baird's conversational powers are of the highest order. In private conversation, he talks marketable literature, as the autocrat of the breakfast table would say, at the rate of twenty dollars an hour. We wish all the mother's in our land, and all the Father's too, for that matter, could have listened to the remarks he made in our hearing, a few days since. We shrink from the effort to repeat them, on account of our utter inability to do them justice, so far as beauty and force of expression are concerned. He was speaking of this place as a remarkably favourable location for a literary Institution, on account of its quietness, its rural beauty, and its freedom from all temptation to evil courses. Yet, he ad-

ded, I presume, even here, where it would seem, that they have every thing to induce them to do well, and nothing to tempt them to go astray, even here, I presume, some young men go to ruin. It is so every where, and will be so long as the lack of proper family discipline is such a crying sin in our land. I believe, said he, as a people, we have more to fear from this cause, than any other. So many persons become parents who are not capable of discharging the duties of parents. Fathers, all absorbed in money getting, and mothers too weak or too indolent in character to control their children, or else too much occupied with dress and pleasure seeking to give them the requisite attention, sons grow up without any restraint. By the time they are fourteen or fifteen years of age their parents find they can do nothing with them at home, and then they send them off to College, in the vain hope that others will be able to do for them what they have failed to do.

But it is then too late. The golden opportunity for discipline, has passed, and the wonder is, if they do not go to destruction.

Said he, I have been more or less connected with several Colleges in the United States, and have been familiar with the history of many more both in this country and in Europe, and I believe the instances are exceedingly rare, in which a young man who has been properly governed and controlled at home, has failed to do well at College, while the majority of those who have been badly managed, or not managed at all at home, have done nothing, or worse than nothing at College, and the same would have been true of them, had they remained at home.

Property left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue—a good name, an unblemished reputation—will abide forever.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* says, that children under three years old, should never be allowed to go out of doors before ten o'clock in the morning, nor after four o'clock in the evening. Between those hours, the more they can be kept in the open air the better. The reason he assigns for this advice is, that the early morning air is filled with unwholesome vapors, which collect during the night, but which are dissipated by the shining of the sun, and it is not until about ten o'clock that the atmosphere attains to its highest degree of purity, and after four o'clock, in the evening, the chill and dampness of the approaching night begin to be felt.

Persons in very delicate health, would do well to observe this precaution, as their systems are frequently as susceptible of injury as those of very young children.

Dr. Hall also recommends that all persons avoid going out into the early morning atmosphere, before breakfast, as far as practicable, but if circumstances require them to go out before breakfast, they should always drink a cup of tea or coffee, or a glass of milk, and eat a cracker, before going out. The system becomes debilitated from the long fast through the night, and is much more liable to contract disease, from the miasma floating in the atmosphere, than it would be if strengthened and fortified by food. The warmer the climate, the more necessary is this precaution. He gives examples of persons who, by observing this rule, have retained good health through the sickly season of the most unwholesome climates, while those around them, who did not observe it, invariably suffered from fevers, chills, or some other form of disease. This rule, he thinks, should be observed in Summer, to avoid the effect of malaria, and in Winter to prevent taking cold. In unhealthy regions, rooms should be thoroughly ventilated during the day, and kept closed,

while the sun is below the horizon. We have not the *Journal* before us, to quote Dr. Hall's language, but we give his ideas as we recollect them. We believe he is regarded as high authority in all matters pertaining to health.

Hoops seem to be an established institution in our country. We little dreamed, a few years ago, when we saw the papers so filled with ridicule of the ultra fashionables, in large cities, who adopted their use, that they would so soon find their way into the most staid and sober portions of our country, and become an article of necessity in a lady's wardrobe.

But it seems, the more a thing is ridiculed, the more determined is the Tyrant Fashion, to show that she will have her own way, and carry her point in spite of all opposition. It is said that in one factory alone, in New York city, more than five hundred girls, besides an indefinite number of sewing machines, are employed in making hooped skirts, and that they manufacture thousands daily. To obtain an article for the hoops, that would combine the requisite stiffness, with a degree of elasticity sufficient to prevent their breaking, has been the great difficulty.—Whalebone, rattan, common wire and brass wire, have been successively used; but the article now preferred is steel, subjected to some chemical process, by which its elasticity is increased. A train of cars, called the hoop-train, is constantly employed in carrying this article into New York, for the supply of the various factories there.

If skirts must be indefinitely expanded, it is certainly more sensible to do it with hoops, especially in hot weather, than by a multiplication of their number. But whether it is exactly in accordance with the principles of true taste for ladies to

spread themselves so far beyond all natural bounds, and whether they can be as graceful in a stiff pyramid of steel wire, as they could be in the easy flowing costume of the days of the Empress Josephine, are still open questions in many minds. The great number of ladies who have been burned to death within the last six months, in consequence of having their skirts so extensively spread by hoops, that they could not turn round near a fire without swinging them into the flames, might well lead us to question the wisdom of the present style of dress. For weeks we could scarcely take up a paper without seeing a record of some fatal accident produced in this way. But it is no use to remonstrate, Fashion will have her own way, and we must patiently wait till she chooses to issue another mandate from her throne.

Many thanks to the kind friends, who have within the last month sent us contributions and subscribers, accompanied by kind and encouraging words. We would be glad to write to each one separately, and tell them how highly we appreciate their approbation, how much we are cheered by their expressions of sympathy and interest, and how grateful we are for the assistance they render. But these letters are so numerous that we find it quite impossible to answer them all privately.

We have one request to make of our friends who send us subscribers, and that is, that they will be particular to mention, not only the Post-office, but also the State to which the paper is to be sent. We sometimes receive letters containing no intimation whatever of the whereabouts of the writer. We hope our friends who write us concerning our Magazine, will not take it for granted that we know where they live, for however familiar that fact may be to them, it is quite probable that we are altogether ignorant of it.

Book Notices.

THEOLOGY—THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Wm. C. Buck.

This volume we have read with much interest. It is written in a clear and forcible style, and if we may be permitted to judge of such matters, it will form a valuable addition to the library of the Theological student.

The Author is an independent and original thinker, with a mind richly stored with Biblical knowledge, and a heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. He has arrived at conclusions, on some points, which differ, somewhat, from the opinions generally expressed by authors who have written on the same subjects, and we are not presumptuous enough to attempt to decide questions upon which the most profound theologians disagree; but we have no hesitation in saying, that the views he has expressed are well worthy of a very careful consideration. The following sentence, which we quote from the work, struck us as being both beautiful and true :

"Though many of the sublime facts and doctrines of Divine revelation tower immeasurably beyond the highest stretch of human thought and reason, especially while we are in the flesh; the whole system, however, is the purest system of philosophy, and the highest specimen of reason, which has ever been, or ever will be promulgated in the world. It is the *Infinite Mind* revealed to men: to be enquired into by them, as far as possible here, but more successfully studied, when the unveiled light

of the Divine presence shall dissipate all obscurity."

To those who esteem the venerable Author as highly as we do, the life-like portrait at the commencement of the volume, will be well worth the full price of the book.

BABBINGTON'S ELEMENTS OF NATURAL SCIENCE, Comprising Hydrology, Geognosy, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, Zoology, and Anthropology. By Mrs. Francis B. Fogg.

We are indebted to the Author for a copy of the above named work. We have not yet had time to give it that careful and thorough examination which would enable us to speak of its contents as freely as we could desire. But an observation of the plan of the work, and the perusal of a few chapters, have convinced us that it contains much valuable scientific knowledge, condensed within a small compass. The Author seems to have drawn her information from reliable sources, and to have arranged her topics with care and skill. We would never recommend compendiums of science to those who have the power to make a thorough acquaintance with full works, but to those who have not the means to procure full works on the subjects here treated, or who have not the time to wade through their voluminous contents, this little work, comprising 420 pages, will be a valuable acquisition, and for such it seems to have been intended by the Author. Mrs. Fogg is well known as a lady who feels a deep interest in the improvement of the rising generation. Her efforts in the cause of education in the city of Nashville, where she resides, have won for her a sure place in the affections of many hearts.

In affluent circumstances, and left childless by the bereaving hand of her Heavenly Father, she is the friend of the friendless

and the orphan's guide. She is living in the true spirit of that command of Holy Writ, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and she seems to be striving to merit that eulogium which fell from the lips of our blessed Saviour, the highest ever pronounced upon mortal woman, "She hath done what she could."

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—By Mrs. A. M. Redfield. Kellog, N. Y., Pub.

We have received a copy of this beautiful chart, which has cost the Author years of, the most patient and laborious application. The ingenuity and skill exhibited in arranging a countless number of animals, under their appropriate classes, genera, and species, so as to bring such a vast amount of knowledge within the compass of a single glance, are truly wonderful. This chart is designed to be to the study of natural history, what maps are to the study of geography. It may be used to illustrate any ordinary treatise on natural history, but we are informed that the Author is about to bring out a work, specially adapted to accompany the chart. This chart is rapidly finding its way into all the public schools in the Northern and Eastern States, and it needs only to become known to the teachers of the South and South-west, to be as extensively used here. We believe Mrs. Redfield has performed a work which will cause a new era in the general diffusion of Zoological knowledge.

Hitherto this boundless field of knowledge, so replete with evidences of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, has been explored by comparatively few. The invention of this chart, will doubtless extend the knowledge of this science, by rendering its acquisition easy and pleasant.

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